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THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.—HOW THE HOLIDAY MAKERS ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

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TEMPERATURE

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

May 29th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 74°	46°	60°	Mon.. 75°	55°	65°
Tues.. 85°	58°	71°	Tues.. 83°	56°	69°
Wed.. 74°	52°	63°	Wed.. 87°	61°	74°
Thur.. 84°	50°	67°	Thur.. 90°	69°	79°
Fri.. 76°	64°	70°	Fri.. 86°	69°	77°
Sat.. 77°	55°	66°	Sat.. 83°	65°	74°
Sun.. 75°	55°	65°	Sun.. 69°	58°	63°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 4th, 1881.

THE WEEK

The terrible misfortune which has overtaken the City of London has awakened a sympathetic echo in every heart throughout the Dominion. Messages of condolence from all sides have crowded upon the bereaved inhabitants, and if anything could lighten their awful burden it would be the knowledge of how their sorrow is shared by the nation to a man. The first shock of grief has now however passed, and people are beginning to look forward to the investigation which we are glad to see has been ordered, into the causes which have led to the disaster. It would be premature to express an opinion as to the responsibility which may rest upon this or that person. Evidence on that point is always contradictory, being suppressed on the one side from a natural reluctance to criminate the witness, exaggerated on the other in the excitement of the moment. Till the investigation shall have been fully completed we have no right to blame any one. But it is obvious that the affair calls for most searching inquiry, nay more, demands that an example shall be made if necessary of those to whom the real blame attaches, whether of imperfect construction, insufficient inspection, or overloading. "It is late to close the stable door after the horse is stolen," but where one great misfortune has opened our eyes to the danger that is amongst us, a hundred narrow escapes have been overlooked, though the fault that underlay them was as great, and the fact that the result was different was due more to good fortune than good management. If we will learn all the lessons the disaster has to teach us we shall look for good to come out of the present evil. If anything can console the bereaved ones of to-day it will be the knowledge that their bitter anguish has not been wasted, and the loss of their dear ones may yet be the means of saving the lives of many in time to come. Every holiday sees crazy pleasure boats staggering along under double their normal load. Every excursionist under present conditions risks his life more often than he knows of, and while we weep over the final crash when it comes, we hear nothing of the scarce realized escapes which lacked but the turn of a hair to furnish newspaper items for a week or more.

The lesson of the uncertainty of life has been preached from the pulpit, it is for the press to inculcate the practical lessons which affect our future here as well as hereafter. The evil of overloading is not confined to pleasure boats. It is existent throughout our whole community, a characteristic sign of two great principles among us. We who travel will not be kept waiting. They who carry us will not lose our fare. Hurry and money-making, twin curses of an age of over excitement and Mammon-worship like the present. Boats bear double their load, cars are crowded to double their capacity, and there is always room for one more. In England it is otherwise. Steamer, car, railway carriage are licensed to carry so many and no more, and if you hail an omnibus which already contains its complement you are met with a relentless "full inside." Why is it otherwise with us? If there are fewer cars or fewer steamboats than can accommodate the travelling public, the remedy is to be found in increasing the number of conveyances not in the overcrowding of the existing ones. If public carriers were placed under a strict surveillance in this matter and smartly fined for every passenger carried beyond a certain number, fixed by law and expressed in their license, there would be no more overcrowding and the public would lose nothing in convenience of travelling. Where there is a passenger there will always be a car to take his fare and himself to his destination; the conveyances will always accommodate themselves to the traffic. But till they are forced into it the car companies will decline to provide two carriages where one will do the work by over crowding.

YET another lesson, and an all important one, follows in the train of this catastrophe. If we are to believe the Captain's statement, the accident might have been avoided, if only his orders had been obeyed strictly by the passengers. Whether it was so on this occasion or not, we all of us have had experience of the unruliness of young Canada in similar places, and their want of respect for authority. It is to be feared that the present generation need to be taught, and, if so, what fitter time to lay the lesson to heart, than manliness does not consist in a want of respect for one's superiors, nay, more, is not even consistent with it. It is well, perhaps, to be independent, but we must beware of insubordination; it is well to feel that all men in a sense are equal, but we must beware of thinking that on that account we owe no respect or reverence to any man. There is much of this irreverence abroad, much unruliness amongst the growing generation; a spirit of eager manhood, not all unpraiseworthy, indeed, but needing to be reminded that if we would command we must know how to obey, if we would be respected we must tender due respect to those who claim it of us. And now comes this accident to teach us that on due obedience and order may depend our lives and the lives of those about us. Far be it from us to seem to blame those who acted, no doubt, as they had been accustomed to do, and as others would have done in their place, and who, moreover, if they erred, have paid a terrible penalty for their mistake. But there is a warning for us in all this that he who runs may read.

THE REVISION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

We have now for a little over a week been in possession of the result of the labours of the company of scholars to whom the work of revising the Authorized Version of the New Testament has been entrusted. During that week the New Version has been universally commented upon by the pulpit and the press. The fact is significant of an age of literary criticism like the present. To criticize the work of the best scholars of the century bestowed during ten years upon a delicate

problem, beset by endless difficulties in its solution, has occupied the average reviewer a few hours, the average preacher at most a couple of days. The result, as is usual in such cases, has been commensurate with the effort bestowed. Such criticisms, for the most part, have been an abstract of the carefully-digested preface to the work itself, supplemented in many cases by the most fatuous and stultifying comments, bearing on their face the impress of their writer's want of study of the subject. In such a category surely must be ranked the wise critic who complained so bitterly of the alteration of the familiar words of the Lord's Prayer, forgetting, or never having known, that the Lord's Prayer as we use it daily appears in none of the Gospels, and the slight alterations made will not presumably affect the popular version. As a matter of fact, in the case mentioned the only noticeable alteration—the substitution of "the evil one" in the last petition—is one which scholars have long expected, while many will be surprised at the conservatism which has left the original text as a possible alternative.

This, however, by the way. As a matter of fact, no newspaper criticism can possibly be satisfactory as a commentary upon a work like the present. That reviewer, however, we take it, will best fulfil the task set before him, who shall endeavour, not so much to criticize the new version of his own scholarship or critical knowledge, as faithfully to point out such main points of difference as may enable his readers to study the work intelligently each for himself. So large has been the sale of the edition that a copy must be within the reach of almost everyone, and only by diligent comparison and careful study can any use be made of it.

Of the objects set before the present revisers and the means and rules adopted by them to secure these objects, the preface, before alluded to, gives the fullest explanation and may be left to speak for itself. We have to see how far the proposed end has been attained. Two main branches of the work suggest themselves at once for consideration. The text of the Greek has first to be established by reference to various and often widely-differing authorities; and, secondly, the Greek idiom has to be rendered into English capable of conveying its exact meaning. Of the first, the public will be presumably but indifferent judges. In the second they may in part, at least, appreciate the changes and their significance. These changes may be divided into three heads. (1) Verbal alterations which affect seriously the meaning of the passage. (2) Verbal alterations which have no such distinct effect. (3) Alterations of punctuation, and the like; under which we may class the abolition of chapters and verses, except by way of reference, and the dividing into paragraphs according to the precedent of the early English versions. To take the last first, no one who carefully studies the new text will fail to recognize some most valuable alterations, which are due simply to the correction of a false phrasing or punctuation, remembering in this context the fact that the early MSS of the New Testament, which are known as the Uncial MSS, are entirely devoid of stops, for which we have in all cases to look to the intelligence or otherwise of modern commentators. Of the alterations in words, we shall probably find, as in all things human, much at which we may cavil. The substitution of one word for another seems often to us capricious and uncalled for, and in this lies the only grave indictment to be brought against the New Version. If the charge of frivolous and unmeaning alteration can be substantiated, much of the value of the work will be destroyed. How far this is the case must, as we have suggested, be left to a more searching commentary than can be contained in a newspaper review.

To get a fair idea of the extent of the alterations, a representative passage may be selected, and few better ones can, we imagine, be found than the well-known

argument for the resurrection contained in I. Cor. xv., used in the burial service of so many of our churches. In the verses from verse 20 to the end of the chapter may be found instances of every kind of alteration to which we have alluded. To begin with alterations in the original Greek text, examples of these may be found in vv. 44 and 55. The latter, besides the substitution of "death" for "grave," contains a transposition which, curiously enough, stands without a note, and is yet not alluded to, so far as we know, by any of the commentators on the passage. In verses 31, 34 and 37, particularly the last, may be found valuable improvements in the translation, the force of which may be felt in reading, while verse 32 is well worth study, as an instance of how completely an alteration in punctuation may solve a long-felt difficulty. There remain the alterations of words in vv. 22, 24, 26, 31, 32 and 36, of the necessity for which each must satisfy himself. Wherein *kai*, in verse 22, is better translated by "also" than by "even," is not clear to us, nor does the superiority of "doth profit" over "advantageth," or "thou foolish one" over "thou fool" seem at all to justify the change. But discussion of these points would lead us to too great a length, and our only wish is to point out a line of study for those who wish to find the main difference between the new and the old versions. For ourselves, while we are thankful for much that has been done, we are disposed to regret what seems to be an undue attention to technicalities, which will, we imagine, prove a serious bar to the actual adoption of the new text in our churches.

It remains, though this article is in no sense a controversial one, to make a few remarks upon the question of how far the alterations made have affected any accepted doctrine of the Christian Church or churches. The alteration in the Lord's Prayer will prove a stumbling-block to those who deny the personality of the devil, but was too well known before to produce any very marked effect. Neither do we imagine that the use of "Hades" for "Hell" will make any material difference doctrinally, though stress will probably be laid upon it. Some capital may possibly be made out of the alteration of the passages in St. Matth. and St. Mark, in the account of the healing of the epileptic boy, "This kind goeth not out save by prayer and fasting," though there is really little in it either way. But upon the most vital question of all, the Divinity of Jesus, the case is clear. Those who have dreamed of extracting from the researches of scholars the denial of our Saviour's title to the Godhead will suffer a grievous disappointment. The six passages in the New Testament in which the name "God" is directly applied to our Lord, are all supported by the authority of the *New Version*. It is fair to say that in two of these the American Committee prefer an alternative reading—though in one case (Acts xx., 28), acknowledging that the two oldest MSS are against them—but in another (Heb. i. 9), the same Committee would by their reading add greatly to the force of the passage, a concession which, from such a source, is doubly valuable.

These remarks, as we have said, partake more of the nature of suggestions than criticisms. Many other notable alterations are easily to be discovered. Scholars are long reconciled to the loss of the story of the woman taken in adultery, and of the passage in I. John, v. 7. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock," etc., is well distinguished in the note, and a hundred other passages could be instanced which will amply repay study. If this article can put any one in the right road for such study its object will have been attained, and the length to which it has grown may be excused. Moreover, be it said, if the New version conduces at all, as it surely has done and will do, to a more perfect study of the Word of God amongst the people at large, its *raison d'être* has been established and its adversaries are answered.

FROM BELLE-ISLE TO QUEBEC.

Where Tory Island's, rugged cliffs sank below the wave crests of a stormy Atlantic day it was with much reluctance that we put away our sketching materials, thinking to a certainty they were done with for the remaining days of our midsummer holidays and consequently our surprise was great when the fog lifting ten days after disclosed Belle-Isle, the Newfoundland and Labrador shores with clear weather beyond. Our surprise was scarcely equal to that of the skipper for it is at at very rare intervals that really clear weather meets the trouble-tired gaze of the ship-master in this part of the rangable world, and as on our outward bound trip from Quebec till the day we bade farewell to Belle-Isle's dismal portals we had nothing but a glimpse of Gaspé and the thickest variety of a Newfoundland fog, we were quite ready to agree to his assertions. We had rambled about the highlands of the west coast of Scotland, had visited the magnificent "black and white" exhibition held last August in Glasgow, our sketch-books were comfortably filled and with minds containing enlarged ideas in matters of fine scenery and methods of sketching the same, had determined to accept the opinion of the Scotch officers aboard and report on our arrival home that the shores of the Gulf region were utterly destitute of fine appearances, and that for beauty our own noble St. Lawrence bore no comparison to the Clyde and the West coast. A view of Belle-Isle, devoid of all verdure and of native mosses and hardy berry plants viewed yet in the fast dissolving haze was transferred to our sketch books and though the shores of Labrador to the right and Newfoundland to the left were, at times, grand and imposing, the generally unvaried contour of the coast line was so marked that the only drawings made was one of Amour point light and a promontory to the north of it on the Labrador side, and another of a group of dirty, dingy fishing smacks which were lazily rising and falling on the heavy dead swell whilst their skippers chogged over fishy exchanges. At sunset our sunset man was busily engrossed mixing his lakes and carmines in the vain attempt to capture a bit of the sky glory, and the vivid colors finally fading left us in the dusk longing for the morrow. On Sunday the 15th. of August, we met many vessels of all sizes and classes, among them a slow, but staunch cattle-laden Bristol Steamer cleaving the transparent waters at the enlivening rate of 8 miles an hour, and finally getting clear of the Straits laid our course for Anticosti. We are going to see the Island? How far off would we pass? History and atlas were brought out to aid in finding relative information and a collection of sight sick sight seers again evinced the old enthusiasm which so openly manifested at the commencement of a voyage moves so surely towards the termination. We would see East Point, and we would pass within three miles of Heath Point seven or eight miles southwest of it. Evening again, a school of sporting whales in the copy ground, coming to the surface frequently and playing their natural fountains vigorously; in the background, a low rocky point quickly recognized and located as East Point, and in the extreme distance to the left a bright twinkle resembling that of a star informed the steersmen of the whereabouts of the dangerous Heath Point reef. This was very agreeable but when with the moonrise the blue mist—that the artist soul revels in—settled on the land, things looked still pleasant; the outlines of the two capes were immediately traced and the embryonic historian had evolved the interesting fact that the day was the actual anniversary of the discovery of the Island by Cartier and the day also on which in the name of his sovereign he took possession of the loneliest of all lonely islands. This was very agreeable, but when with a terrible shock we felt the rocks ripping the iron plating of the steamer's bottom and saw the breakers sweep over the bows our sensations were quite disagreeable; we had indeed celebrated the day and we were neither proud or glad of it. We remained a week on Anticosti thus affording plenty of leisure to discourse the frailty of human hopes and Clyde-built bottoms, and make many interesting observations but as the News published sketches of the surroundings and a description of the occurrence it behooves us not to weary the readers with tiresome repetition. We were taken to Gaspé basin by the wrecking tug sent by the Quebec underwriters, and having succeeded in reducing our brain excitement so as to permit combing our hitherto erect and startled hair, we resumed the habiliments of civilization which for convenience sake we had discarded during the period of our misfortunes and examined with interest the lovely situation along with the quaintness and lively history of the ancient hamlet. We stayed but a day and the steamer being ordered home, we sailed away reluctantly, bringing numerous souvenirs from this the only seaside watering-place in Canada deserving of the name; not forgetting to sketch the mouth of the York river, the entrance to the harbour, and Cape's Gaspé and St. Peter. The latter is historic and will doubtless be always remembered with veneration, as it was at the extreme end of the point that Cartier planted the cross and unfolded the *flour de lis* banner when proclaiming the entire country the property of Francis I. Dashing over the bright sparkling wavelets at a brisk rate sent the weak stomachs below and reminded us that we were again nearing home, while in succession we passed Cape Rosier, Griffin Cove, and at night-fall Cape Magdelaine. On the 25th our diary

reads: "Up at 7 A. M., found a heavy sea on, after breakfast went below and slept till dinner-time. The land was sterile appearing throughout the forenoon, but changed after and became partly the whitewashed villages of Metis, St. Luce, and Rimouski with the Bic highlands looking as well as many famous foreign scenes. When abreast the Sandy Hook of Canada, Father Point, the signal station hoisted a tricoloured flag—the captain called it the rendezvous signal—meaning "do you wish to be reported? We did; and a long blast from our whistle signified our wish. We had heard in our infancy of Father Point almost as soon as Quebec, and accordingly the station with Rimouski and Bic were added to the portfolio. Land was now to be seen on both bows and meeting many strangers the rest of day-light departed on the wings of the wind, and all going well we will make Quebec to-morrow morning. The wind and sea mutually subsided at sundown and all was calm and serene. The mouth of the Saguenay was abreast at evening, a purple mantle was hanging over it and we never remember witnessing a finer spectacle. The trim, cosy villas of Cacouna could just be discerned as nine o'clock struck and we turned in. It was a home-sick crowd that grouped together on the dirty hurricane deck of the tug as the sun stepped from his eastern bed of rosy clouds and threw his burning light on Gross Isle and Isle Orleans, gilding the mountains on the north shore, and the feeling within, as the scene below was mentally contrasted with those of Scotias distant vales, was one of exultation. Weary and travel-stained we vowed not to cross the pond again in search of the picturesque. Below the bar waiting for the rising tide lay the clumsy Norwegian timber ships, their economical skippers driving close bargains with the business-like energetic Canadian tug captain who were negotiating to tow them to the city; behind, almost within speaking distance steamed the Saguenay Mail boat laden with dandified tourists of all sizes, grades, and nations, and then ahead we could see as the course was changed the dockyards of Point Lévis and closely following, cannon-crowned Cape Diamond. The glittering spires of Beauport and the Montmorency falls were now added sources of inspiration, the shipping in the harbor with gaily colored bunting, dallying with the faint breeze and the Union Jack on the Citadel incited our already inflated spirits and when accompanied with a shrill toot our own colors were run up, the resonant cheers sufficiently indicated the rejoicing of our hearts.

We were home at last, and though on the succeeding day as we landed from the Mail steamer in the shadow of the Bonsecour market we were nearer our friends, yet the ancient town was for the present the recognized harbor and when we rushed for the hotel and subsequent bath-tub the changed condition of things was quite manifest. There was now time and knowledge to decide for ourselves the question so vexatious to some "was our Canadian coast and river scenery comparable with the European," and after producing the sketches it was by the entire party unanimously conceded that the old country possessions had the advantage over us in matters of softened outlines, but that in transparency of skies as well as actual grandeur there was nothing we had observed on the summer's jaunt to exhibit along with Saguenay, lake Superior or St. Lawrence glories. The prominent and the sublime seen by the traveller during this trip have so frequently been portrayed with pen and pencil that like a certain unfortunate landscape painter who—Washington Irving says—disappointed and angered his friends by sketching on a continental tour only in nooks, corners and by places, ignoring completely the great sights, we will pass over those quietly and mainly illustrate those scenes which interested us most, and which have been kept by others in obscurity.

THE AGONY COLUMN OF THE LONDON "TIMES."

It was an excellent idea that moved Miss Alice Clay to the collection and publication of the most curious advertisements which appeared in the second column of the first page of the London Times, between 1800 and 1880, the compilation ceasing then, probably through a laudable desire to spare the feelings of the people now living who may have a deep interest in some of the "personals" of more recent dates. For it should be said that the "agony column" of the English journal is much more dignified, earnest and interesting, than the "personal" column of the average American newspaper. And it is further characterized by more eccentricity. No mortal man can write as funnily with intention as the stupid man who sets out to be grave or poetical, and the "personal" advertisement concocted for the sake of amusement falls far behind the "agony" item prepared in all seriousness by an advertiser whose brain was a little touched—say, on the subject of eggs, decimals and Bismarck's foreign policy.

It must be said that four-score years ago the advertiser was more stately and eloquent, than concise. For instance, here is a card from the Times of December 18, 1880: If the lady who a gentlemen handed into her carriage from Covent Garden Theatre, on Wednesday, the third of this month, will oblige the advertiser with a line to Z. Z., Spring Garden Coffee House, saying if married or single, she will quiet the mind of a young nobleman, who has tried but in vain to find the lady. The carriage was

ordered to Bond Street. The lady may depend on honor and secrecy. Nothing but the most honorable interview is intended. The lady was in mourning, and sufficiently clothed to distinguish her for possessing every virtue and charm that man could desire in a female that he would make choice of for a wife. Deception will be detected as the lady's person can never be forgot." That seems long-winded to people of this age of telegrams and postal cards; but its earnestness and honesty can hardly be questioned. Did the young nobleman meet the lady in mourning, and was she single, and did he make choice of her for a wife, and did she possess all the virtues and charms he thought he saw in her? Who knows? But as to some other loves revealed in the "agony column," there is no such pleasant doubt. Thus, four times in July, 1850, was this advertisement published: "The One-Winged Dove must die, unless the Crane returns to be a shield against her enemies." No answer was returned till the 23rd. and 26th. of November, when this card appeared, suggesting a whole tragedy: "Somerset, S. B.—The Mate of the Dove must take wing from England forever, unless a material change takes place.—J. B." "Kent, J. B.—The Mate of the Dove bids a final farewell, adieu, to the British Isles, although such resolution cannot be accomplished without poignant grief." A tragedy of another sort is indicated in this (November 7, 1816): "Would Philip like to hear of his mother's death?" or this (May 29, 1850): "To A....—If humanity has not intirely fled from your breast, return, oh, return, ere it is too late, to the heart-broken, distracted wife you have forsaken,—ere the expression of those soft eyes that won you be lost in the bewildered stare of insanity,—ere they may gaze on you and know you not; write, tell her, oh, tell her where you are, that she may follow you,—her own, her all,—and die. See her once more." Or here is another (July 15-16, 1851): "William, thou wilt go to sea—thou shalt go; but oh, return, and first receive the blessings of a heart-broken father, of a heart-broken mother! Oh my son, William, my son, my son William!" Would God I had died for thee! oh, William, my son!" Per contra (October 3, 1851): "The Minstrel Boy," "dressed in a rusty black surcoat coat, common cloth waistcoat, trowsers marked with ink, and an old Caen hat, is urged to return to his disconsolate friends. All will be forgiven and Charlie will give up the front room." At the same time (October November, 1851), appeared a touching series of advertisements, addressed to a lady who had left her husband and children, and who was urged repeatedly to return, and seems to have made appointments but never to have kept them, renewing his hopes day after day, only to dash them.

There is apparently a love story under these dispatches of May 28-30, 1850: "A. W.—The Dog Wolf is dead. The experiment has fully succeeded. The Bear mourns. *Fidus vale amicis.*" "A. W.—The Wolf is not dead, but has been dangerously ill. Letters are intercepted. I trust no one. Break not your pledge. Communicate personally. B....ts." Another curious story of separated lovers and Argus-eyed guardians is told in a series of cards, April 12-June 24, 1856, where a lady advertised thrice for her lover believing him to be ill, and then received an answer directing her to advertise again and give her initials. But she warily suspected a fraud and announced her suspicions, while simultaneously the lover corroborated them by repudiating the reply, and arranging for a safe correspondence. "Do this at once," he said; "grief and anxiety are rapidly doing their work. My idol is indeed a rare combination of tenderness, talent and every virtue. Love and admiration, represented now by two sweet cherubs."

There are agony advertisements in all the languages—French, (and, as a rule, very bad French,) German, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek. There are scores of them in cipher, more or less easy to read. Thus (Oct. 28, 1870,) there is a communication beginning: "E rave ramap eh ef kvv devh qu qzv. wahlav," which with considerable difficulty has been deciphered as follows: Very vexed at every part of your letter. Why not take interest in your appearance? Heiress be—. Have more trust. Shall always remain as usual yours only." The reply four days later, further bears out the theory that the advertisers had a marriage in view. "On prowl and near game. Party scrofulous but got the brass Parker!! Family very soft and come from Leeds. Make enquiries. Trust is broken reed. Ready wanted to swagger withal. Help Jones usually."

Of a gayer sort are such "personals" as these: May 10, 1870. "Wooloomooloo. Shout!" rapidly and royally. Varmint all vanished. Impetuous Popsey impecunious." Dec. 18-21-23, 1869. "Curly Feather—Wet or dry, must I never see you more? Disconsolate Umbrella." Dec. 30. "Curly Feather cannot tell." "June 1, 1848. "A Newfoundland dog has teeth." May 28, 1851. "Door-mat to-night." March 20, 1852. "Door-mat and Beans to-night." June 23, 1852. "I am an ass. A letter is sent to your P. O., directed to any bird's name." "Oct. 6, 1855. "J. B. R. The monkey is home. Where is the man of Ross? G. G." Dec. 6 1856. "Each villa un the Bosphorus looks a screen new painted, or a pretty opera scene. Don Juan R. B." Nov. 11, 1858. "Standlynech, 1811, the comet. Paris, E. Ct., 1858, the comet!" April 22, 1859. "Cocagee!" Oct. 8, 1859. K—Pott. Splice! Lak! The mutability!" Sept 6, 1861. "Lorelei—The Anthrophagous didn't gobble the partridges."

Sept. 10, 1861. "S. to L., the 8 R. and W. Charles Urquardt Newport Tinley has not suffered from the Eels!" Dec. 6, 1866. "Penny Land to Will. Paper, pockey, hanki hi? Would you not like to see little Gussie again?" Jan. 12, 1867. "Fat Oxen! Starving people! The Fat Oxen are gone from their glass palace, and are eaten by the rich; the starving people remain in their overcrowded fever dens, and are being eaten by disease. Fat oxen! Starving People!"

A remarkable series of "agony" advertisements,—probably the most singular that has appeared during the century, began in 1851, and appeared continually till 1857; then, after an intermission was resumed and continued till 1870. The correspondent was a Mr. E. J. Wilson, of Ennis, Ireland, who advertised under fifty different names, such as "Rouge et Noir," "In ligo Blue," "To the Equator," "Decimals to Cheops," "Double Fin," "Spurs and Skirts," "Honest Alexis," "My Dearest Alice," "X. Gamins X," etc. His numerous appeals in the "agony" column had reference now to the loss of his fortune, and now to the loss of his daughter Alice, who was taken from him by some one of evil intent. The first of these appeared February 15, 1851: To D.—Thanks for your communication. As the clothes are ready, I am ready to wear them. Always the same; the bar of iron. Pray communicate.—E. W." These advertisements in 1859 show his troubles: —January 10.—"To Contre-coup.—I am puzzled what to do with my daughter when I get her. I had the guarantee of a London school-mistress of twenty-three years' standing and yet she was not safe. You know what happened to my money and papers in the heart of the city of London." February 7.—"To Contre-coup.—To terminate this disgraceful business, I had made arrangements to place my daughter at school at Boxmoor, Herts; but I cannot get her. Now, what am I to do? The money that I relied on for my old age alienated, my child lost forever, myself in the most miserable part of the land of misery, with a miserable salary." Again, February 14.—"The author of the decimal system at Her Majesty's customs, which pours pure gold every day into the coffers of the nation, earning a miserable subsistence in the worst part of Paddy's land." April 16.—A reward of £200 is offered for the return of his daughter, Alice Jane Wilson. May 9.—"I have never seen any of my money from the day I nobly signed it away, and I did not see my child for 5 years; and yet I respected the laws of humanity, and you see the return. I have lost my daughter a second time." "£10,000 sterling!" says another advertisement; "Bah, I claim £250,000 on eggs alone, to say nothing of that costly national antique (Long R. Joey), and on decimals £100,000." The last advertisements, published in July, 1870, gave no indication as to whether or not the tide of misfortune had turned for him at last.

"IT WAS I THAT IT INTOXICATED."

I am happy to give my humble opinion with regard to the above sentence. "The verb 'to be' takes the same case after it as before it," is a rule of Syntax laid down not only by Lindley Murray, but by, I believe, every compiler of English grammar, and it is needless here to remark that these gentlemen were the greatest abilities in the English nation. Morell says: "The verb 'to be' takes two nominatives, the one before, and the other after it, *custom* as yet has not affected this rule. Then it must be confessed that by changing it one becomes a critic in language without the trouble of studying it. The sentence, according to the connection reads "It was me," when it is clear the above rule is violated, so if you read "It intoxicated I," then another rule is violated. Suppose we substitute the relative pronoun *whom* for *that*, and read it so "It was I whom it intoxicated," then the word whom becomes objective governed by the transitive verb intoxicated, and the rule remains unaltered.

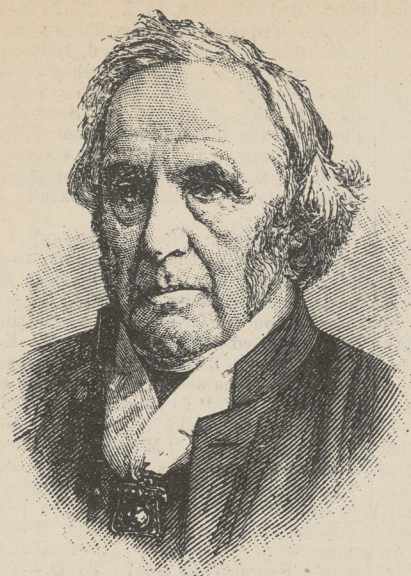
ELIZABETH.

Sorel, 21st May, 1881.

VARIETIES.

SIR ROBERT PEEL possessed a brilliant command of sarcasm. In 1848 Feargus O'Connor was charged in the British Parliament with being a Republican. He denied the charge, declaring that he did not care whether the Queen or the devil was on the throne. Peel replied: "When the honourable gentleman sees the sovereign of his choice on the throne of these realms, I hope he'll enjoy, and I'm sure he'll deserve the confidence of the crown."

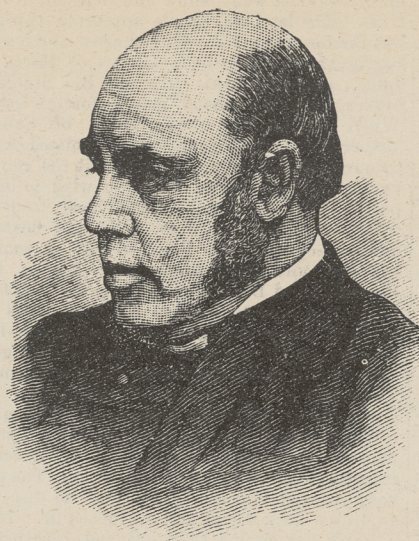
A CLERGYMAN'S CALL.—A good story is told of Dean Stanley, who travelled extensively through the United States a year and a half ago. He was spending the night with some New England friends, and desired to be called at an early hour, in order to proceed on his journey. The task was assigned to a boy employed in the house, who was instructed especially, that after rapping at the Dean's door and hearing the question, "Who is there?" he should reply, "The boy, my lord," and then discharge his errand. The boy was at the Dean's room at the exact moment, and rapped softly at the door. Upon hearing the question, "Who is there?" he answered, "The Lord, my boy," the transposition of words occasioning a peal of laughter from the distinguished visitor. The Dean considered the incident a capital one, and told of it with a great deal of amusement.



THE MOST REV. THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.



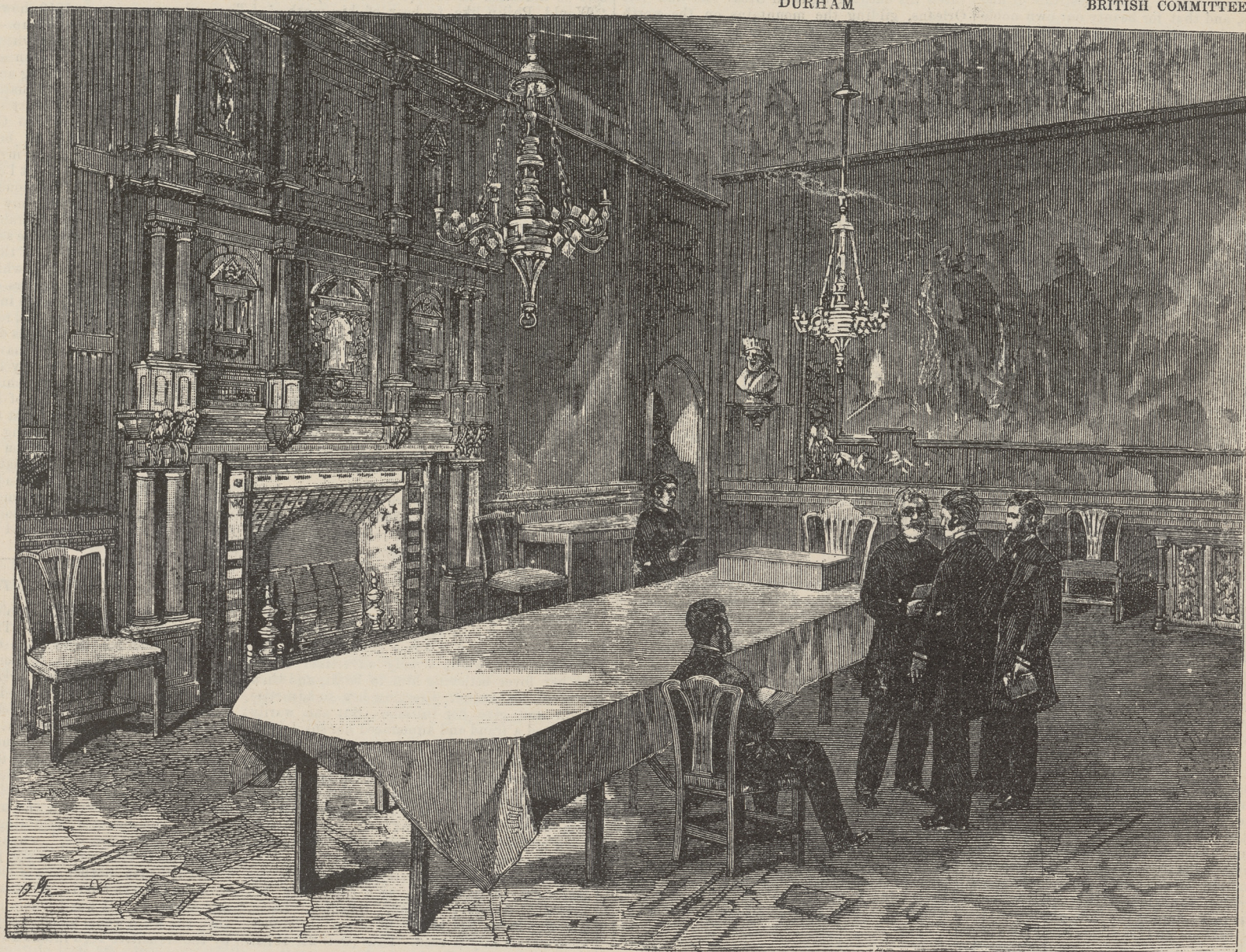
THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.



THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF DURHAM



THE REV. CANON TROUTBECK, SECRETARY BRITISH COMMITTEE.



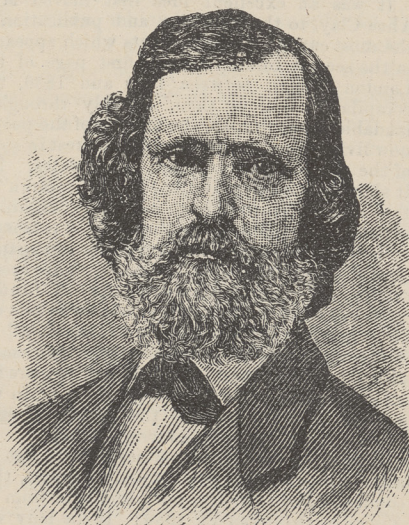
THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER, WHERE THE ENGLISH COMPANY HELD THEIR SITTINGS.



THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.



PROF. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., NEW YORK.



PROF. EZRA ABBOTT, D.D., LL.D., CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.



THE REV. DR. VAUGHAN, MASTER OF THE TEMPLE.

THE REVISION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.—SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COMPANIES.



1. The mouth of the York River.—2. Amour Point Light, Labrador.—3. Entrance to Gaspé Harbour.—4. Griffin Cove, Gaspé.—5. Cape Magdalen Light.—6. A Bristol S. S. in the Gulf.—7. Iceberg off Labrador.—8. Promontory below Amour Point Light, Labrador.—9. Strath Point Light, Anticosti. Moonlight.—10. Cape Rosier.—11. The mouth of the Saguenay.—12. Percé Mountains with Point St. Peter to right

DOWN THE ST LAWRENCE.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. S. AULT.—(SEE PAGE 355.)

[Written for the News.]

TESTED.

PART II.

Sweetly gleams the brow of Dawn
Thro' night's sombre tresses;
And anon the convent lawn
Youthful life confesses:
With the light step of a fawn
Clad in snowy dresses.

Two by two the children pace
Walking hand in hand,
Towards the ancient market-place
Where the little band,
Waiting each with sober face
All sedately stand.

Till the "Host" is borne along
In the great procession,
And the feeble and the strong,
Throughout the procession,
Swift recalling deeds of wrong
Make low-toned confession.

With a child on either side
Sister Agnes kneeleth,
And a gladness, deep and wide,
Her pure spirit feeleth:
Life's sharp thorns are glorified
Where religion healeth.

Suddenly a startled cry
Rends the childish throng,
And, with red and glazing eye,
Fiercely sweeps along
A sight that would terrify
Even brave and strong.

"A mad dog," and right and left
Falls the crowd apart
All of reason half bereft
Save one steady heart,
Straight into the narrow cleft
See her swiftly dart.

Right before her children stood,
With a calm, bright eye,
White her cheeks, but firm her mood,
Grand her majesty?
And the distance of a rood
Drew the creature nigh.

On he comes with lips that froth,
And eyes all a flame,
Resolute she standeth forth,
As he onward came,
Caught her long dark veil of cloth
And with steady aim

Threw it round him, firm and fast;
Then the fight began;
Terrible from first to last
"Escape while ye can!"
To them her last order past,
And the children ran.

But anon the strife is o'er,
See the riven veil!
Bound around his bloody jaw,
See his breathing fail!
See the slender hands he tore
Ere she could prevail!

Down she sank upon the ground,
Nor their voices heeded,
As they raised her, crowding round,
And for answer pleaded;
But, above all other sound,
Children's sobs exceeded.

And the bright brown of her hair
With red blood is stain'd,
And the lashes, long and fair,
And the lids blue-veined
Softly curtain the sweet eyes
Death so swiftly claim'd.

Still they lowly breathe her name;
Tell with tears the story;
In the city whence she came
People old and hoary
Tell the deed that wrought her fate,
Aye, and deathless glory!

Montreal.

MAPLE LEAF.

The Professor's Darling.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THERE WAS A MORNING WHEN I LONGED FOR FAME."

Mr. Graem kept to his resolution of re-visiting Italy, going first to Germany and Austria. Herr Richter worked himself into a wonderful state of excitement over Graem's advent, and neglected all his pupils, even Stannie, for three days, during which the old friends were never apart. They are not likely ever to meet again, as both are stay-at-home birds; so his pupils magnanimously forgave him when he explained the extraordinary circumstances.

Madame Berg claimed him next. He stayed a fortnight at Alberg Schloss, walking and driving, and overlooking the building going on at The Tower. Then he went to Italy; but of his visit there he never spoke to any one. It was more a pilgrimage to a shrine than an actual visit, for all his old friends had left long ago. There was no one to bid him welcome to the once familiar place; but the little grave amongst the oleanders was still there. Any stray passer-by, who might have chanced to glance in its direction, would have seen only a common-place elderly man kneeling beside a battered, time-worn wooden cross, the inscription on which had become illegible. But the spirit of her whom still he mourned was, perhaps, looking down, and saw, and understood.

Mrs. Mactavish has married her two eldest daughters most satisfactorily to parish ministers, who revel in good manes and productive glebes. Not very interesting men, if the truth be told; but if their intellects are not of the highest order, and their pulpit orations, though very orthodox, insupportably dry, their positions are undoubted, and they make very kind

ordinary husbands; and what more should a girl desire?

Alice Hunter, or rather Mrs. Morton, would shrug her pretty shoulders if she could behold the substantial furnishing of their respective manes!

Brussels carpets of the best quality adorn the floors; but patterns and colours are chosen with a view to futurity. Solid mahogany in the dining-room, covered with leather of the saddest green complexion, which, being sacredly shrouded in holland, will endure to the next generation. Dark blue sateen in the drawing-rooms, a good standing colour which cannot fly, let it try ever so hard, for the blinds in these cherished rooms are never lifted above four times a year.

"Everything is good and substantial," Mrs. Mactavish says, and she is right; but beauty and grace have been quite forgotten. The girls, being their mother's daughters, are quite happy and contented, and make good wives, and are unrivalled in their parishes as housekeepers.

And now, with an humble apology for having so long neglected her, golden-haired, blue-eyed Stannie shall resume her place as principal performer on our mimic stage.

Herr Richter was conducting himself in a somewhat remarkable manner.

He would sit at his piano for two or three minutes, striking chords at random, and then suddenly start to his feet, and execute a wild measure upon the floor, which being highly polished, it was a wonder that he did not get a tumble. He would then proceed to refresh his inner man with copious draughts of strong coffee, unflavoured by sugar or milk. After which exhilarating potion he would resume his slightly unconnected musical performances, only to start up again spasmodically, and perform another series of gyrations.

The little man, who was carefully attired in his best garments, and decorated with all his honours, was evidently in a high state of excitement.

A modest knock at the door thrice repeated was quite unheeded. A legion of soldiers might have hammered upon it with the stocks of their muskets, and he would have been deaf to their sound. The outsider's patience giving way at last, with a preliminary rattle of the handle, he turned it and entered.

Herr Richter looked up and regarded the intruder placidly, but otherwise took no notice of him.

"Are you ready?" asked Gordon Hunter.

He was dressed in the evening costume, peculiar to English gentlemen and waiters, but the hideous insular dress assumed an almost classic gracefulness upon his splendid form. His diamond studs gleamed in the lamp-light, and a tiny white rose-bud, half hidden in a scrap of, maiden-hair fern, ornamented his button-hole. He carried a pair of lavender gloves in his hands, which he slowly drew on as he repeated his question.

"Ready? Ah, yes, yes—quite ready—quite."

"I? Of course," answered Gordon, in surprise; "and the carriage is waiting."

"Herr Gordon,"—and the little man grasped Gordon's arm as he spoke,—"Herr Gordon, I have looked forward to this night for two years and four months, and it has come at last—at last."

"Others have looked forward to it as well," said Gordon. "Myself for instance, and—"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted the little man, impatiently; but it is comparatively nothing to others; to me it is everything. It is a battle lost or won. It is a great triumph of art and vocal culture or it is disgrace, ignominy, failure, in the most deplorable form! People will say Carl Richter is getting old and stupid, that he can no longer train the singers of the next generation. If Miss Ross makes one little slip, one false inflection to-night, I am a lost man from that moment."

"You need not conjure up such dismal results; she will not disappoint you, Herr Richter."

"I know not," he answered, shaking his head dolefully. "The crowd may make her nervous, and there are royal guests at the Ducal Palace. A crowned King and his consort will be with the Grand Duke and Duchess at the concert to-night."

"If there were fifty kings sitting in a row with their crowns on, it would not frighten her," said Gordon, encouragingly; "she has confidence in herself."

"Alas, no!" persisted Herr Richter, who seemed determined to take as gloomy a view of things as possible.

Gordon hurried him down-stairs to the carriage, and resigned himself heroically, during the short drive to the concert hall, to the musical director's prophecies of utter failure on Stannie's part, and subsequent ruin to himself.

"How can you play to-night?" Gordon asked. "You are trembling like an aspen."

"Oh, that is nothing! When I hear the music, I shall revive. It is for Fraulein—Miss Ross I fear. She is—"

The carriage stopping at that moment prevented further confidences, and both gentlemen stepped out and ascended the steps of the music hall.

"Here we shall part," said Herr Richter. "I go this way," indicating with a wave of his arm a side-door leading to the private offices.

"All right; we shall meet again at the close of the performance."

The concert-room was flooded with light, emanating from hundred of concealed gas-jets in the roof. Gordon walked down the middle passage which was spread with crimson carpeting, bordered on each side by flowering shrubs, and looked right and left for the number corresponding with the one upon his ticket. A velvet-footed attendant came to his aid, and ushered him into a stall two rows from the orchestra.

"A little too near the scene of action on ordinary occasions," he thought, "but all right for to-night."

He looked curiously at the platform upon which Stannie was to make her first appearance professionally. Behind the footlights stretched a sea of red carpet, on which were two pianos, a harp, and a music-stand. In the background, tiers of flower-pots and shrubs were arranged like a floral bank, reaching up to the ceiling. To the right, overlooking the platform, was a sort of alcove, screened by purple velvet curtains, surmounted by a crown. This was the royal box.

Although he concealed it, Gordon was, in reality, almost as nervous as Herr Richter.

He had not seen Stannie since his arrival, deeming it wiser to keep away until the ordeal had been passed.

He had written to the Professor before he left Cumrie, saying that he would telegraph the impression produced as soon as the concert was ended.

It was only a trifling thing, but a student lodging opposite the little house in college bounds, who was consuming the midnight oil, observed that Professor Neil was also very late of retiring to rest that night; in fact, when morning dawned his lamp was still burning.

Gordon was to return to England the next evening. Stannie's boxes were all standing corded and labelled for Milan, to which city Herr Richter was to conduct her himself, and give her in charge to a friend of his, with whose family she was to board while she remained there.

Six months later she would return to Wirtstadt, and make her first appearance in the opera, but the crucial test would be that night.

It was no ordinary concert, but one given in honour of the betrothal of the Grand Duke's daughter to a royal heir. Several of the first performers in Germany had offered their services.

The place filled rapidly as the hour drew near; stalls, galleries, and passages were overflowing.

The orchestra commenced with an overture, of which Gordon did not hear a single note. This was followed by a duet from two celebrated pianists; then came a solo, sung by a *cantatrice* whose fame was world-wide. A lovely woman, with great dark eyes, which had made fools of half the men in Europe, and whose diamonds would have served for a king's ransom.

She came gracefully to the front, trailing her pale blue velvet robes behind her, and smilingly acknowledged the uproarious applause which greeted her.

She was well known in Wirtstadt, and had been a pupil in the *conservatoire*. She folded her hands, and stood waiting to begin, when an incident occurred to divert the attention of the audience.

The velvet curtains of the royal box were drawn back, and the imperial party glided in, and quickly took their seats. The Grand Duke and Duchess, and their royal visitors, followed by the prospective son-in-law and his fair intended.

The whole royal party were known to be musicians of no mean order, and it was a brave thing to stand there, under their very eyes, fronting a thousand listeners in the foreground, and sing a difficult air.

But the singer knew her own powers. She threw a careless glance up at the august strangers, and commenced.

Gordon trembled for Stannie as he listened to her brilliant execution. He wished that she might be taken suddenly ill, and in that way beat a graceful retreat, for who could compare with the gifted artist, who had acknowledged only one living rival—Madame Berg?

Poor Stannie! Her name was down on the programme for a simple German air. Herr Richter was a wise man, and knew what would touch the people's hearts when he selected it. She came in so softly that she was standing there before Gordon knew it.

Being a stranger, the audience reserved their plaudits until they had tried her metal. But more than one voice murmured, "How beautiful!"

Never before had Gordon realized how peerlessly lovely the girl from St. Breeda was. She wore a dress of white satin, which fell around in plain flowing lines. Not a plait or frill broke its graceful outline. The bodice was cut square, and on her neck lay a diamond cross, the Professor's last gift.

Her golden hair, which rippled low upon her brow, was gathered upon a loose knot behind, and a water-lily nestled against one shell-like ear.

Herr Richter's nervousness had all vanished, or, rather, he had left it behind him in the waiting-room, where the *cantatrice* had laughingly an instant before dosed him with more of the potent coffee, and offered him her arm to the piano.

He touched the piano, and looked at his pupil. She turned her head and smiled, then opened her lips and sang.

The audience held their breath, and listened as if they had heard an angel.

The applause which had gone before was nothing in comparison with the thunders which rang through the building when she ceased.

The Grand Duke leant from his box, and flung a bouquet at her feet. Before she could stoop to pick it up, well-nigh a hundred more came flying from all directions, until the stage looked like a flower-show gone mad.

Encores were not the order of the night, and the people might have roared themselves hoarse before Herr Richter would have allowed her to sing a bar more than he had previously arranged. But the Grand Duke once more leant from his box, and shouted "Encore!" so loudly, that the people in the distant gallery heard him, and yelled "Bravo—bravo!"

"You can't refuse royalty, good people?" said the good-natured *cantatrice*. "Go on again, and give them something English to refresh them after so much Italian and German. Never mind what Richter says—'Home Sweet Home,' or 'The Last Rose of Summer,' always drives them wild. Go,"—she added, imperatively, as master and pupil still lingered,—"go, or they will scream the roof off!"

Herr Richter whispered something to her as they re-appeared, and without the slightest hesitation as she seated herself at the piano, she sang that grand English ballad which makes an echo in every heart. Perhaps visions of her own distant home lent pathos to her accents, as she trilled out the simple words which brought tears to many eyes.

She had not the courage born of vain glory, certainly; but she possessed a much better gift—the power of forgetting for the time that she was singing to an audience. Every visage vanished into thin air, as her heart rushed into the spirit of the melody. Carping critics and smiling friends might be all around her, but she did not know it. She sang on, regardless of kings or peasants, seeing nothing, knowing nothing, but the harmony of sound, which was her second nature.

If Herr Richter danced before, he fairly jumped when he was once more behind the scenes.

"She will do! The house is rapturous!" he shouted. "The first notes of her fame have sounded; to-morrow all Germany will be talking of Fraulein—Miss Ross! Ach, mein Gott! I am a humble and grateful man to-night."

"Humble you are not," said the *cantatrice*, toying with her jewelled fan, which sent out flashes of light each time she waved it. "You are as lifted up over this child's success, as—as well, as you were over mine, ten years ago. I remember it well. You were almost in convulsions for fear that I should faint, or choke, or do some equally improbable thing. It's a wonder you did not make me as nervous as you were yourself. I got on very well, but did not create such a wild furore as Miss Ross has done. Shake hands with me, pretty one! You are one of us now, and we must be friends, not rivals."

"I hope I shall never be anyone's rival," said Stannie, holding out her hand. "We all do as well as we can, so why should we be cross because another, perhaps, does a little better than our best?"

"Ah, why?—because it's human nature. I speak generally, not individually, remember. We hate those who do better than ourselves, and would scratch out their eyes if we could."

"Madame Berg can never have been like that," said Stannie.

"No; but Lily is a rare woman. If every second woman and third man had a touch of her charity, the world would be a deal better than it is. I have had my own tantrums and fits of jealousy in my day, but have got over all that sort of thing now. And sing you your sweetest, my dear, and don't be spiteful when a new light dazzles the crowd, as you have done to-night. See how calmly I bear it! To prove that there is not one atom of malice in my bosom, let me place this ring upon your finger. You will soon get trinkets enough, but will, maybe, wear this in memory of to-night."

The singer drew a broad band of silver, in which was set a turquoise of immense size and value, studded round with diamonds, from her finger as she spoke.

"Pretty, isn't it?" she continued. "It's not a presentation. I bought it myself in Paris a month ago."

"Thank you; I shall wear it always," said Stannie, holding up her hand to look at it.

"Adieu to you all. I have to look in at two parties before I get any rest to-night."

Throwing on her sable-lined mantle of crimson satin, she gathered up her velvet skirts, and went humming gaily along the corridor.

"Is our carriage here? Will you take me home, Herr Richter?" asked Stannie, turning to him.

"I cannot, Fraulein; my duties here are not yet finished; but Mr. Hunter is waiting for you. When he has seen you safely home he returns for me, and we are to have supper together at his hotel."

"That will be delightful! I'll not detain him long. Have you packed your things for your journey?"

"That can be done in four seconds. We do not start till five p.m. Miss Ross, are you satisfied? Do you feel that all your labour has not been for nought, and your money flung away?"

"I am happier to-night, Herr Richter, than I have ever been in all my life. I would not give up my profession for anything on earth."

Herr Richter's sallow countenance beamed with delight, but his heart was too full for speech;

so he took her hand and led her to the carriage, where Gordon was impatiently waiting.

"I am going to send off a telegram," he said.

"Are you? What shall you say? Not much, please, for I am going to write to-night, and tell them all about it."

"I shall merely say, 'Concert over—tremendous success!' Will that do?"

"Nicely. You don't regret coming so far to it, do you?"

"No, indeed! I would go a thousand miles to hear you sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' again. Stannie, do you never regret how little home-life you will have if you persist in the career on which you have just entered?"

"No, never. Home-life would kill me—at least, it would now. When I am sixty, I suppose I shall be glad to settle down somewhere and rest."

Gordon sighed, and looked out of the carriage window into the dark night.

She had no idea how he loved, and longed to take her at once to his home and heart. And better that she did not, for the knowledge would only place a barrier between them. So long as she regarded him merely as a brother, he was free to come and go. She would tire one day of adulation and praise, and there would be a great aching void in her heart which nothing but love and home would ever fill.

"Will you come for a walk to-morrow before you start, Stannie?"

"Yes; I shall have nothing to do all day. I have not dismantled my rooms, for I shall be back in six months. Mrs. Hall will take care of my things for me."

"Herr Richter says that you are likely to be offered an engagement in the theatre here next winter; should you accept it?"

"Certainly, if I had the chance. I am to sing at a concert in Vienna four months hence. Then I hope to appear here, soon after I return, as *Norma*."

"I shall come and see you."

"How good of you, Gordon!"

"Is not that the bangle Elma gave you, on your arm?"

"Yes; it has never left it," said Stannie, softly, "since she placed it there."

"When are you coming over to see my mother again?"

"I do not know. It doesn't seem possible just yet. I do so long to see Uncle Alan again!"

"If you don't come soon, you will not like to come at all," said Gordon, bitterly. He felt that she was drifting further from him every minute.

"How can you say so?" she asked, reproachfully. "I have my work—I cannot run about as you do. Good-night. I'll not ask you in, as Herr Richter is waiting for you, and I have a long letter to write."

CHAPTER XXII.

GONE TO MILAN.

Stannie, at the appointed time, arrived in Milan, Herr Richter having proved a very attentive but such an extremely fidgety fellow-traveller that his pupil was heartily glad when the journey was over.

He suffered agonies of mind in the railway carriages, for fear she should catch cold when the windows were open half an inch, and complained of being stifled when they were closed. When the train dashed on at full speed, he prophesied a collision; when it slackened, he announced the astounding fact that the steam was expended. Stannie, who was in the highest spirits and soundest health, with no nerves to trouble her and no dread of improbable colds or accidents, laughed gaily at his fear, which was, perhaps, the wisest thing to do. The poor little man did not like travelling, but he alone must introduce Stannie to the Italian master, who was to give the almost unnecessary final finish to her vocal training, which had been so well commenced by Lord Graem and continued by himself.

As has been said, Stannie was in the most brilliant spirits. Success is very pleasant, let it come early or late, but particularly agreeable when it comes in the morning of our days; and no one ever enjoyed well-merited praise more than Stannie did hers—it braced her for further action and other victories.

What a grand thing she felt life to be; not life exactly as represented by Mrs. Hall in Wirtstadt; or her quondam companions, the Misses Mactavish—now promoted to the dignity of matrons—but as it was opening up for her, it would be little short of a triumphal progress for years to come.

How could Gordon ask her if she never regretted that her experience of home-life would be so limited, when the home circle seemed so narrow in its range, so dull and monotonous, with its little round of pastimes and pleasures. Fame may be a bubble, applause a passing sound, success valuable only according to the light each one sees it in; but without the hope of the one, the balm of the other, and the crowning result of the last, the world would be but a prison-house to each gifted child sent into it to walk its rough roads awhile.

Across the sun-bathed plains of Lombardy to the old Italian city, with its glorious Gothic shrine, two fond hearts far away travelled with Stansmore Ross.

Two men, so widely different in their ways and manner of thought—the one so young, the other growing old—yet both alike in their devotion to the golden-haired young singer.

The Professor read the letter, which she had written the moment after her return from the concert, with feelings very much akin to what Gordon's had been when he drove home with her. She was drifting far away from the hills, and the hoary college, and the old mill.

He read a portion of it to Mrs. Mactavish, who tossed her cap-strings, and sniffed the air, like a war-horse who scents the battle afar off.

"And what is your candid opinion, Alan?" demanded the worthy dame, when he had folded it up and replaced it in his pocket. "Are you pleased with all this hue and cry?"

"I am," he answered. "I would not have it otherwise."

"A white satin dress—pure satin, no doubt—none of your cotton backs—and a diamond cross! A pretty penny she must cost you in the year, with one thing or another! I'll be bound five hundred doesn't more than cover it!"

"If she required a thousand a year she should have it," said the Professor, smiling. "All that I have will be hers some day."

"Some folks are born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Not that I grudge poor Charlie Ross's bairn your money, far from it; but how much better it would have been for her if she had remained at home, and married a good dounce minister, as each of my two lasses has done! Ten to one she will end in becoming the wife of some foreign fiddling man or organ-grinder. The man who comes here every summer with the hand-organ and the monkey is an Italian."

"She is not likely to marry anyone for some years; but when she does, I scarcely think that a fiddling man or an organ-grinder will suit her refined tastes."

"Well, perhaps not actually an organ man; but those play-actors, and clowns, and jumpers are all the same, and Stansmore will be mixed up with them all."

Mrs. Mactavish's ideas of artists and circus performers were sadly jumbled together; but knowing that it would be both a formidable and useless task to enlighten her, the Professor did not attempt it, but smiled grimly to himself as he left the room and went up-stairs to the Principal's sanctum.

A warm-hearted, truer woman than Mrs. Mactavish did not exist; but her views were warped and narrow, principally owing to her early training in her father's house.

Every summer the Principal took a journey to some new place of interest. He had extended his travels into Norway, Germany, France, and even Canada, while his worthy spouse remained at home and pickled cabbages, cucumbers, and preserved and bottled fruits, and trained up her daughters to follow in her footsteps.

That same evening Mr. Graem crossed the fields with a view to enjoying his Finnan haddie and glass of toddy in the Professor's little parlour, and found him writing a letter to go by the last post; so, taking up a book, Graem settled himself comfortably in an arm-chair.

The Professor took out Stannie's letter, and tossed it to him, saying, "There is some news in that which Mrs. Mactavish scarcely appreciates; but I think you will know how to value it."

The minister read it twice, and his plain visage glowed with such honest satisfaction when he laid it down, that the Professor burst into a hearty laugh.

"How proud we shall be of that girl some day yet, Neil!" said his friend.

"Yes; she will do you credit, at any rate! We will drink her health in champagne to-night, and tell her that we did so!"

Stannie soon settled down to her work in Milan. At another time she might have gone heartily in for a little amusement and sight-seeing; but she shook her head decidedly when her friends proposed a picnic or little excursion, or even a drive, except upon Sunday, which was always a holiday.

Church occupied but a very small portion of the day; the margin was generally filled in with a long drive to some quiet farm-house in the country, where they passed the afternoon. On Monday, happy and invigorated by the fresh air and change, she would resume her treadmill of work.

Had the object in view been the ultimate winning of her daily bread, she could not have made more strenuous efforts.

At the time appointed she went to Vienna, and was met there by the faithful Herr Richter, who had made arrangements for her to sing two Italian songs at a grand concert in that city.

Once again she took her audience by storm. She combined so much beauty and elegance with her rare talents that the world of Vienna, as represented by the fashionables in the concert-room, considered her perfectly irresistible, and shouted their approval in rounds like thunder.

Gordon Hunter did not put in an appearance.

Home affairs had demanded his presence; and standing as he did, so to speak, in his father's shoes, pleasure had sometimes to give way to duty. But he resolved that neither county meetings nor home calls should keep him at Cumrie when she returned to Wirtstadt.

The resolution he had come to would at a glance have been seen to be absolutely futile to anyone but himself.

He determined, however, to wait until she had had one month's experience of an opera singer's life. He would let her taste all its sweets, and, perhaps, experience a slight tinge of its bitterness in the way of jealousies and petty bickerings, and then would ask her to give it all up for his sake. He was young, and

handsome as a Greek god; had a good social position, a splendid home, and an income in anticipation, of which few foreigners could boast the like. Not that he would bring any of these attractive and substantial inducements forward to influence her in his favour. He knew better than to do that. She would not give his money or lands one moment's thought. She had a nature as well as a soul above such sordid considerations. But he would plead how well and how long he had loved her; how her presence made a continual summer in his heart, and if she withdrew it she would doom him to a life-long winter of despair and darkness.

Was it likely that she would listen to his pleading?—she who for three years had been toiling for the prize which was now within her grasp?

Would she give it up?

Love is more blind than a mole, or he might have seen how useless his wooing would at present be, and reconciled himself to wait until her position had lost its novelty.

But he could not—he must know his fate one way or another, and know it soon.

Had he taken the Professor into his confidence, that learned authority would have wished him success. But had Gordon asked what hopes he could hold out to him of winning his heart's desire, the Professor would have remained mute, or else sent him away sorrowful.

Stannie had no thought of love and lovers. She lived in a beautiful world, half real, half ideal, and was very happy in it. How could she be otherwise? All her life she had never had a wish ungratified. She had been surrounded by kind friends. Her guardian had been a father indeed to her, and she had always had more money than she knew what to do with.

She knew that in reality the Professor was not her uncle, but never thought about it.

She loved him better than anyone she knew, and would always do so.

Another in her peculiar circumstances would have grown hard and selfish, but her gentle nature could never become absorbed in self. A thoroughly selfish man or woman is one of the commonest and at the same time one of the most despicable beings on the earth.

The Professor had asked her if she would not like to travel a little in Italy, and suggested that Mrs. Hall in Wirtstadt would doubtless be very glad to accompany her to Rome, or Florence, or any other city she might be inclined to visit; but Stannie declined the offer.

"I should like," she wrote, "to see Florence very much, and Rome even more, but I shall not go at present. I will wait until you can take me yourself some day. You could easily manage it during the summer holidays, when you have no scientific meetings in America, or geographical societies at the other side of the globe. Mrs. Hall is very nice and kind, but scarcely the kind of companion one would choose to wander through Italy with; she is so very matter of fact and quick. You would be a hundred times nicer, so I shall wait. I leave Milan in a month now. I wish you could hear me sing. Will you not come to Wirtstadt? Give my love to Mr. Graem. I hope you always remember to deliver my messages to Mrs. Mactavish. I am going to send her such a lovely table that I bought for her the other day. It is made of coloured marbles; but perhaps she will not accept anything from a play-actor, as she calls me. Madame Berg is to be in Wirtstadt next winter, and Lotty may accompany her for a week. I shall be so glad to see them back again."

But in all her letters, which were full of plans for the future, there never was one line or word of returning to the old home under the shadow of the hills.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHE FOLLOWS THE GAY WORLD.

It was well for Stannie that Herr Richter, although indifferent to money matters in his own case, was the reverse when the interests of his pupil were concerned.

She would have accepted the engagement offered to her by the manager of the theatre at Wirtstadt without so much as hinting at remuneration, and would have considered herself amply rewarded by the consciousness that she was doing well, and was generally appreciated.

She intimated as much to her devoted master, when he told her the terms on which the Theatre Royal in Wirtstadt was to be favoured with her services.

"That seems a great deal of money," she said, for he had driven a close bargain with his friend the manager. "You don't charge for your own time at that tremendous rate. Would not less do, dear Herr Richter?"

"No; less will not do!" he answered decidedly. "Your voice is a rare one, and they must pay for it. You will need all your money; your dresses will be numerous and costly; you must have a carriage, and a companion to go about with you. I suppose the good Frau Hall would scarcely care to go every night to the theatre with you?"

"No; she wouldn't; but must I have a companion? Can't I go alone?"

"No; I have already spoken to a lady on the subject; she is an officer's widow. Your uncle in Scotland will say that I have done well, and so will Herr Gordon."

"Then it must be all right and necessary. I will do anything you like; and I'll take the money, only it would be much nicer to sing for nothing."

"You must not do that; if you were as wealthy as the Czar of Russia I could not let

you do that; it would not be right. Have you ordered the dresses I spoke of?"

"Long ago; they fit exquisitely, and the draperies hang perfectly. My wardrobe is assuming such gigantic proportions that Mrs. Hall has given me another room in which to keep all my stage trappings."

"Will you go over a few passages once more, or are you tired?"

"Very tired," she said. "I have been at a rehearsal this morning, and have practised five hours. Cannot you trust me?"

"You are not nervous?"

"Nervous!" responded Stannie, laughing. "Not I; I feel like *Norma* already."

"Have you seen Herr Gordon Hunter, fraulein?"

"No. Has he arrived?" she asked, carelessly.

"Yes; he came to my rooms an hour ago. He seems to like travelling, that young English Herr."

"I suppose he does," replied Stannie, intent over a basket full of roses, which she was arranging in vases. She was lavish in everything; where others would have contented themselves with an ordinary bouquet, she must have a whole basket full of the choicest roses in bloom.

Her rooms were a very bower, summer and winter. She had collected a multitude of things in Italy—little tables of coloured marbles, Venetian glass, Parian ornaments, and all the usual articles which travellers collect. She had not carpeted her rooms as she at first proposed doing, but had adopted, perhaps, a more elegant, certainly a more expensive, style.

Handsome skins covered the brown boards—tiger skins principally, for which she had a peculiar liking. The Professor had also sent her the long, silvery-haired coat of an enormous Polar bear, which she had spread before the piano. More luxurious apartments than Miss Ross's were now could not have been found out of the Ducal Palace.

"You say I must have a carriage, Herr Richter?"

"Yes, Fraulein. Not a splendid turn-out—a nice little brougham. Shall I choose one for you, or would you like to select it yourself?"

"Oh, you had better arrange it! There is really no choice; broughams are all the same. Get me a chestnut horse; but I scarcely like to drive to the theatre while my uncle walks to the college. Are you sure that he would approve? Perhaps you had better wait until I write and ask him. A cab will do for a few days."

"I have a letter in my pocket from him, giving me authority, and money as well, to pay for both horse and carriage."

"What a dear, thoughtful uncle he is!" said Stannie. "I wonder if any girl in the world has such another?"

Herr Richter said nothing, but thought that it was scarcely probable.

The young singer's well-appointed brougham was soon a well-known object in Wirtstadt, for she used it constantly. Her time was so taken up with rehearsals, practising, interviews with her dressmakers, and returning visits, that she had no time for walking.

Gordon had introduced her to the English Ambassador, who was an old friend of his father's; and the Lady Ambassador had called next day, and invited her to one of her grandest receptions. With such a precedent, it was no wonder that social stars of equal magnitude deemed it an honour when the golden-haired *prima donna* honoured them with her presence.

She flung her whole soul into her work, and all her superfluous energy into the brilliant society which wooed her with such a persuasive voice.

Much as she enjoyed her life, it was not an easy one, but it was what she had dreamed of amongst the Scotch hills long ago, and few realize their dreams so thoroughly.

Her chaperon, Madame Muller, was singularly adapted for her position.

In her early years she had been a governess in one of the numerous royal families of Germany, and her old pupils still kept up friendly relations with her. She had seen a great deal of the world, and of what is called society; and, being a naturally clever woman, discerned more easily than Stannie could have ever done the difference between the false and the true.

(To be continued.)

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THE LONDON DISASTER.—DAWN AT SULPHUR SPRINGS.—IDENTIFYING THE DEAD.



THE LONDON DISASTER.—RECOVERING THE BODIES.



THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY DISASTER AT LONDON, ONT.—THE COLLAPSE OF THE PLEASURE STEAMER VICTORIA.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

THE DISASTER AT LONDON, ONT.

A week after the fatal accident which has plunged the city of London in mourning, we are better able to obtain a clear idea of the accident itself and the way in which it occurred. As is natural in such cases the evidence as to the details of the occurrence is woefully conflicting and will probably not be thoroughly sifted for a while yet. Now, however, that we have the various accounts before us we are able approximately to describe the accident itself and the causes which conduced to it. The *Victoria* is a flat-bottomed scow, propelled by a stern wheel, and furnished with an upper deck supported upon a light frame-work only. Her proper carrying capacity is supposed to be under 400. On the evening of the accident she left Spring Bank about 5 o'clock to convey a party of excursionists back to the city. As is only too common on such occasions the crowd which swarmed upon her decks, eager to reach home after a long day of pleasure, was out of all proportion to her accommodations. As to the real number of the passengers on that unhappy trip accounts, as may be expected, vary. The captain denies that there were many, if any at all, above 400, but even he complained of the overloading of the boat and endeavoured to persuade some of the passengers to go ashore, while other witnesses estimate the number actually on board at the time of the accident as somewhere between 700 and 800. In any case the boat was overloaded, and it is asserted that the proprietor was warned of this fact before starting her, but refused to interfere.

To continue the narrative. As the voyage proceeded the captain found the boat becoming unmanageable. Full of high spirits and reckless of danger the excursionists precipitated the crisis by moving from side to side of the vessel thus causing her to rock violently. The water began to come in over the lower deck and the people on that deck rushing to the other side to avoid it probably gave the final impetus to the boat which flung her on her beam ends. As she fell over, the boiler broke from its fastenings and crashing through the support of the upper deck brought it down with its living freight upon the unhappy wretches below. The sequel may be more easily imagined than described. Though the stream in this place is only about 70 yards in width, and scarcely of depth sufficient to drown a man, yet the entanglement of the wreck, the struggles of the seething mass of humanity, and the additional terrors of scalding by the escaping steam proved fatal to many before they could make an effort to save themselves. Nearly 250 persons perished in a few minutes.

Some idea of the accident itself may be gleaned from the account of a survivor, James Drennan, of the *London Advertiser*, who gives the following account of the dread disaster:—

"About half-past five we were coming very slowly by Griffith's dam, and I went up to Capt. Rankin and remarked, 'You have a big crowd to-day, captain.' 'Yes, I couldn't keep the people off. They would crowd on, although I told them there were two boats coming after.' I left him then, and hardly turned away when I noticed the water rushing in down below over the bottom deck. As I looked down the staircase, I noticed the water ankle deep down below. The crowd seemed excited, and kept rushing from one side to the other. Captain Rankin told them repeatedly to stand still and not crowd so much to the side. The boat now commenced rocking and the people all rushed to the north side, when the boat went over on her side and a terrific crash followed, the whole of the upper deck coming crashing around us. I was instantly hurled into the water and my companions with me, a struggling mass. I never lost my presence of mind, but grasped something and by a desperate effort pulled myself up to the roof, where I found I had a small breathing space of a few inches between the river and the roof. I was comparatively safe in this position, notwithstanding that an aged man and others who were struggling in a heap were pulling and hanging to me. The steam and hot water now poured along the roof of the deck, scorching my face and taking my breath away. I became unconscious and let go my hold and sank to the bottom of the river, but touching the solid bottom it seemed to give me fresh energy and I struggled through a lot of bodies, and what was almost worse, a lot of wires which got tangled in my feet and pulled me frequently underneath. I got clear of these and once more attempted to reach the shore, but became unconscious and would have perished in the struggling mass had not some kind hand pulled me ashore. After I lay there exhausted for a few minutes I saw Captain Rankin coming ashore and said to him: 'How did you escape, Captain?' 'I never left the pilot house,' replied the Captain. He asked me to run up to town as fast as I could and give the news at the dock and have boats and axes sent down. 'I will stay here and see what I can do to save life.' An elderly man who was standing near me before the accident said it amused him to see people alarmed at sailing along a river like the Thames and in such boats as these. 'If you want to see real danger go on the lakes, where I have been, and face a nor'-wester. The words were hardly out of his lips before he was hurled to the bottom of the river beneath a struggling mass of people, from which he never came up till drawn out by the poles and hooks of the river men.'

The steamer *Princess Louise* arrived soon after the disaster and as the bodies were removed they were placed upon her decks, whither those al-

ready lying in the boats were removed, and conveyed to London, where they were again laid out upon the boats for identification. Our large illustration represents the accident itself, the smaller ones, the recovery of the bodies by night, and the identification next morning at Sulphur Springs. The large engraving is from a drawing by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, who was despatched from Hamilton to the scene of the disaster; the others are from sketches taken on the spot by Mr. W. L. Judson, of London.

Many heartrending anecdotes of the scenes following the disaster have filled the daily papers during the week, and cannot be reproduced here. We have thought it however well to give a list of the dead, so far as we have been able to ascertain their names. It may safely be predicted that the effects of the woful calamity will be felt long after any words descriptive of it have passed out of all recollection.

The following is a list of the bodies which have been identified:

Ashbury, Mrs William, Maple street.
Abbott, Hudson, son of A H G Abbott.
Amesbury, Minnie, London East.
Anderson, H, Thames street.
Armstrong, Minnie, aged 17, niece of Mrs J C Forth, London East.
Ardie, Nellie, aged 5.
Anderson, Harry.
Arthur, Harry and Lilian.
Bonner, Chas, aged 16.
Beaton, Lillie, aged 14.
Beaton, Harry, aged 6.
Burns, James, Albert street.
Baskerville, Lizzie, daughter of a workman at Carling's brewery.
Batchellor, Ida.
Bailey, Rosa.
Baskerville, John.
Burns, Ida, daughter of James Burns.
Boomer, Chas.
Bebban, Mrs and child.
Berne, John.
Butins, Maud and Ida, daughters of J Butins.
Baskerville, John.
Breeze, John.
Boon, John, Petersville.
Box, Emma, domestic at J Magee's, barrister.
Baker, Anthony.
Cole, Albert, aged 7, son of Col Cole.
Clark, James.
Clark, John, shoemaker.
Connell, Miss Maria, Richmond street.
Cooper, Miss Fanny.
Coughlin, Jennie.
Craddock, May, daughter of Geo Craddock.
Cline, Miss W.
Curran, Mrs John.
Cornish, Miss, King street.
Cameron, Mrs John.
Chaley, Willie.
Caldwell, Samuel.
Collins, Lizzie, London West.
Cornish, two sisters named.
Conroy, Henry.
Dubeau, Mrs (Mr Dubeau missing).
Dennis, Miss Hannah, Palermo.
Dyer, Mr Wm.
Darcy, Jas, son-in-law of Martin O'Meara.
Darcy, John, Sr.
Deadman, Alice.
Deacon, W S.
Dagon, Mrs Wm and child.
Deacon, young son of J S Deacon.
Dwyer, Mr, wife and 2 children.
Davidson, Thos.
Dyer, Mrs James and one child.
Dennis, Mrs Hannah, daughter of L Dennis, Trafalgar.
Evans, George, and 2 children.
Evans, Mrs Elizabeth.
Edmunds, Mr, children.
Elliott, Jessie, 18, daughter C Elliott, grocer.
Evans, S, 17, son of George, boiler worker.
Evans, Mr, wife and three others.
Elbert, Jessie.
Fitzgibbon, Richard.
Ferguson, Miss, sister J Ferguson, lumber merchant.
Fox, Misses (2), of Clinton.
Ferrogood, George, 2 boys.
Fryer, Mr, Sr.
Fryer, Mr, Jr, wife and niece.
Fitzgibbons, James, Redout and York street.
Foxton, Jane.
Foxton, Annie.
Ferguson, Martin, boy.
Graham, Joseph.
Griffith, Miss Julia, Westminster.
Gibson, Miss.
Galvin, Mrs M, and child.
Glass, Willie.
Goss, Annie F.
Graydon, son of S H Graydon.
Gorman, Chas.
Grafton, Polly.
Gain, Joseph.
Gibling, Walter, 10, Pall Mall street.
Hearman, Mr and Mrs and child.
Hobbs, Plumber, and 3 children.
Harris, Jas, eldest son.
Hogan, Minnie, Waterloo street.
Heron, Mrs, William street.
Hearn, James, cigar-maker.
Heeman, Mr and Mrs and child, London East.
Hall, Ben, shoemaker, and child.
Hall, Mrs, and 3 members of family.
Hayes, Mr.
Hay, Wm., schoolmaster, Westminster.
Hall, Ben, 25, wife and child 1 year old.
Harper, Daniel, hostler at Western Hotel.
Hall, Mrs, King street (5 of the Halls drowned).
Harey, Wm.
Hoggan, Minnie.

Hall, May.
Irons, Mrs, York street.
Jones, Mrs, and 2 children, aged 6 and 8.
Jones Annie.
Jones (said to belong to Hamilton).
Johnson, Jas. son of T Johnson, of Lobo, 7.
Kelly, Mrs, (an emigrant) and 2 sisters.
Kendrick, Maria Elizabeth.
Kendrick, Miss, Adelaide street.
Kilburn, J W.
Kilburn, Mrs.
Laskie, Mrs Wm and child.
Loughrey, Eddie, London West.
Leclare, Johnny, London West.
Latham, Dilly.
Larmour, Willie and George.
Lister, Thos, of Simcoe street.
Lawson, Miss.
Lawson, Miss Ella, corner Maitland and Piccadilly streets.
Leester, Thomas.
Meredith, Mr J C, Clerk of the Division Court and father of Mr W R Meredith, M P P.
McBride, William, City Assessor and Secretary of the Western Fair Association.
Millman, W H, commercial traveller, of Montreal, and two sons.
Morrison, Nellie.
Morrison, Bertie, aged 5—the above are children of James Morrison, of London East.
Matthews, Mrs (wife of night editor of the *Advertiser*) and two children.
McPherson, Mary, aged 15, daughter of Mr Archibald McPherson, of Long & McPherson.
McGillivray, wife and child of Michael Glenn.
McIntosh, Ada, Dundas street.
McMorgan, Mrs W.
Maddiver, W, Westminster, blacksmith.
McLennan, Mrs.
McAllister, Miss Annie, Horton street.
Magee, Harvey, aged 15.
Mitchell, Miss M Priscilla.
McCragan, Mrs.
McKay, Miss.
Mahony, Miss.
McConnell, Miss.
McPherson, Miss Kittie.
Middleton, Miss.
McDonald, Miss, of Goderich.
Markham, Rosetta.
Martin, Chas.
Maston, Nellie.
Masuretes, Mr and two children.
Morrison, John, aged 19.
McKay, Miss, daughter of the late emigrant.
Mooney, Mr H C, London East.
Mooney, Fred, 17 years, cigarmaker.
Major, Chas, 13, corner Simcoe and Clarence streets.
McPherson, May.
McKay, Gerlind.
Martin, Geo.
Mayor, Chas. Ed.
Mills, Jas, with Mr. Caldwell.
Nick, Rich.
Oronyatchka (son of Owens. Mr and Dr Oronyatchka), 2 young sons, aged 10.
O'Rourke, Lawrence, 15.
Pike, Mr.
Parish, Mr H, son of the manager of the boat.
Powell, two nephews of Mr A B.
Prescott, Nellie and Emma.
Pyle, Sam.
Pents, S.
Perkins, J.
Phillips, Jno. (grain merchant), and 2 children.
Pike, Sam.
Pendergast, James.
Poole, Mrs.
Pyke, Mrs, whose husband is supposed to be in the Asylum.
Quinn, Margaret, aged 17.
Rogers, J, plumber.
Robertson, Manager of the Bank of British North America.
Robertson, Jas.
Rose, Emma J.
Scott, Mrs, Ann street.
Shipley, Misses, (2).
Siddons, Charley, aged 13.
Stevley, Willie.
Smith, Orville, aged 17.
Stuart, Lizzie, aged 18.
Smart, Mrs (wife of H Smart of the *Free Press*) and two children.
Siddons, Mr J, of the Customs.
Skinner, Lizzie, daughter of Ald. Skinner.
Smith, Edwin, clerk.
Smith, Mr.
Stevens, Frank, wife and four children.
Short, Wm.
Smith, Miss Minnie.
Smith, Mrs, and daughter, South street.
Short, James.
Smith, Mrs, widow.
Share, F.
Stewart, E.
Swanville, Miss.
Shay, Hy.
Smyth, Minnie.
Scott, Mrs W, Oxford street.
Street, George.
Stephens, Thomas.
Stephenson, Mrs Thos, and 3 children.
Sheers, J.
Smallman, Mr, and two children.
Stonehouse, Mrs.
Shane, John, aged 12 years.
Sinclair, Margery.
Sortee, Arthur A.
Shawn, John.
Sweeney, Mary.
Thayer, Mr, of Carling's Brewery.
Tremmer, Willie, London West.
Tremmer, George, London West.

Tathan, Dollie, Colborne street.
Vick Richard.
Westman, Willie, Dundas street.
Weatherhead, James, of Carling's Brewery.
Wall, Mrs (husband and 3 of family missing).
Wallace, Thomas.
Walsh, Geo.
Walsh, Patrick.
Wannacott, Wm.
Wall, Jno, shoemaker.
Walsh, Joseph.
Waste, Alfred, 15, son of Thomas Waste.
Wall, Jno, 33, shoemaker, and Mrs. Wall.
Wiseman, Glenrith, 15.
Walsh, Pat, 23.
Walsh Joe, 19.
Westworth, Henry.
Wallace, Thos. T W.
Young, Joseph.
Young, Wm, a boy.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN CANADA.

The Queen's Birthday was celebrated as usual over the country, and the welcome Queen's weather made the holiday enjoyable to all. With no knowledge of the dreadful news which was to throw a gloom over the whole Dominion on the following morning, excursionists and pleasure seekers the country over paid their homage to Euphrosyne and enjoyed themselves in their usual way. Some few of the incidents of the day are depicted by our artist upon the front page of this issue. In Montreal, besides numberless excursions by railroad and river the afternoon was devoted to a lacrosse match and the evening to a grand display of fireworks on the grounds of the Montreal Lacrosse Club. Picton was distinguished by a balloon ascension, the fair aeronaut, Miss Nellie Thurston, accomplishing a safe voyage, while St. John celebrated the day by a procession of loyal Polymorphians, a further illustration of which we hope to give in a subsequent number. At Gananoque a regatta kept the holiday makers employed. St. Catharines contented themselves with a demonstration of the fire brigade. Toronto besides a trooping of colours in the park, was the scene of numberless and successful excursions in all directions.

MISCELLANY.

DR. CLIFFORD, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton, England, has surprised everyone by the boldness with which he has supported his new and original explanation of the first chapter of Genesis. The main fact that he makes clear is that he believes in it as little as Dr. Darwin or Professor Tyndall. Scientifically, he declares, it cannot be explained or defended. Like the Bishop of Exeter, he does not look for science in the Bible. He rejects as an untenable hypothesis the idea that the days are periods of undetermined length; the order of creation set forth in the mosaic record is not the scientific order. Casting about for the real meaning of Moses, he points out that the Egyptians set apart the days of the week for heathen festivals; and Moses had good reason to fear that his followers would recur to the Egyptian forms of worship. Moses, desiring to offer them a substitute for the heathen feasts, wrote a hymn for them, in which he did not profess, in fact, to give a history of the days of creation, but only to consecrate to the one Deity of all creation the days of the week, which still bore among the Israelites their heathen names.

In the summer of 1851 Longfellow wrote his poem, "The Golden Legend," and it was the good fortune of the present writer, then a compositor and proof reader, to set the type and correct the proofs on that work. It was stereotyped in the old University Printing Office at Cambridge, Mass. The copy was written with a blunt lead-pencil on rough (or unsized) white paper of ordinary letter-page size; the lines were widely separated but in a rather cramped, backhand, and sometimes illegible. The poet used classic and ecclesiastic phrases which puzzled the compositor, and in more than one instance, when he came to our "case" to bring his proofs, we asked him to read passages in his copy and to explain phrases he had used. He was then a hale, portly fine-looking man, nearly six feet in height, well proportioned, with a tendency to fatness, brown hair, and blue eyes, and bearing the general appearance of a comfortable hot-keeper. His dress was fashionable, without being foppish; his manner gracious, but not familiar. "The Golden Legend" is a sort of drama, with brief poems interspersed, and at the close of each scene a place and date were given—probably to show when and where it had been written. The compositor was directed to omit the same; but we recollect Newport, Nahant and Cambridge among these places, and the dates were from one or two days to as many weeks apart. The poet was seized with inspiration at sundry times and places, and wrote whenever he felt like it. He would occasionally cancel a verse or a passage, and once he cancelled about seven pages; but the identical poem appeared several years afterwards in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard University, and wrote most of this poem during vacation. We saw him once in the University library inquiring for a book on natural history, from which he could learn the color of a certain bird's eyes. The severest criticism ever uttered upon Longfellow was that he looked at things through the windows of literature rather than with his own unaided eyes.

THE BOSTON GIRL.

DAVID S. FOSTER.

I told her of a maid whose mind
Was filled with tender thoughts and fancies,
A lovely being of the kind
They write about in old romances.
"Knowest thou," said I, "this maiden fair,
Whose beauty doth my thoughts beguile?"
She answered with a dreamy air—
"Well, I should smile!"

"Her cheeks possess the rose's hue,
No form is daintier or completer,
No hair so brown, no eyes so blue,
No mouth is tenderer or sweeter.
The favoured youth who gains the hand
Of this fair girl will ne'er regret it."
With modest grace she added: "And
Don't you forget it."

"Oh thou dear mistress of my heart!
My an. el! let me kneel before thee
And say how heavenly sweet thou art,
And how devoutly I adore thee."
She turned away her lovely head,
And with a languid look that fired
My soul, in murmured accents said,—
"You make me tired."

Scribner for June.

BERTHA.

I.

THE CONFLICT.

The wind sighed and moaned about Dunbar Abbey like some spirit wailing in its pain, Bertha thought as she listened to the sweeping branches of the tall trees dash against the windows of her room before which they stood. They seemed to call to the desolate heart of the girl to pause and listen to their voices.

Bertha arose and crossed to the window, drew aside the curtain and looked out. The night was becoming darker and wilder. With each hour that passed the moaning of the wind became fiercer and louder as it swept angrily through the drooping branches and dashed them against the windows.

"The night is as wild and sad as my own heart and thoughts."

The girl moaned as she turned away, and shivering, drew near to the fire that burned in the low open grate. It leaped up in a bright flame as though of welcome as she sank in a chair before its glowing warmth and gazed into its depths, striving to gather from its warmth and brightness, strength for the conflict through which in this hour she must pass.

A dark long bridge she must pass over, and on the other side lay two roads. One to the left, and the other to the right. One led to sunshine and happiness; the other to darkness and sorrow as black as this night. One she must choose ere this night had passed.

She turned to the brighter, and recoiled from the darkness. Seeking in her childish, loving heart for strength to leave the brighter behind and tread firmly through the darker, for duty called her from the sunshine. And away from the roses that bloomed by its side, leaving her not even the breath of their perfume to carry with her into the darkness to which her duty called her to pass. And the loving child recoiled from duty, yet dared not turn from its still small voice that called incessantly and would not be silenced.

The girl's heart was filled with a deep, wild longing to fling aside all duty and choose for herself, for Bertha loved. To-morrow she would be only eighteen. But one year ago the child heart had been awakened from its sleep and never could slumber or peace come to it again. She had learned her lesson of life.

The sad, sad lesson of loving, and there was little left of its joy but strife, for its memory must wither. Every leaf must fall from the flower though it had but bloomed; each blossom must drop, cut down in its full ripe beauty.

She tried to hold her fair cherished flower to her heart for this one night, though she knew each leaf was dropping one by one, and sorrowed as she watched them fall.

To-morrow their memory must even have perished. With this wild night's storm and conflict they must pass away, as though they had never bloomed for her, or she had never held them beneath her soft touch.

As these thoughts came to her in the silence broken only by the sobbing of the wind that seemed to mourn with her, a heart-broken cry broke from her:

"Mother, mother you have asked me more than I can do. I may give you obedience, though it break my heart the doing it, but I cannot part him from my thoughts, this is beyond my poor strength, I am so young and life seems so long, so hard to bear, of Claude. Ah! my darling, my darling, must it be Claude, Claude."

But no answer came on the silence; with one loud wail the wind seemed to have died away, and Claude in London working away on his painting of "Cupid and Psyche." Psyche stretches up her arms to the god of love who bends above her with outspread wings. Claude is silently working on hears only a whispering wind blow past and pauses not to hear its story. The sweet smile of hope lights his blue eyes, and sends a bright flush to his pale cheek.

And he thinks of Bertha as he works, and on the happiness that must dawn for them when he succeeded, as he must. And this thought lent strength to his tired hand and energy to his hopeful heart.

'Twas for Bertha he worked, on her he thought, worked to gain a home, thought of the happiness that awaited him in that home, that he delighted to fancy himself amid when toil should have gained it for them.

Bertha was the only child of the late Sir Everard Dunbarton, and the hope and staff of her widowed invalid mother. One month before our story opens Sir Everard had died, leaving his widow and only child according to their position but scantily provided for. He had been an idle, extravagant, yet loving husband and father, and the estates that were entailed passed on to his young cousin.

Sir Earlscount was now owner of the Abbey and had become a suitor for the hand of his fair cousin Bertha. It was the wish of the late Sir Everard that his daughter should accept the offer of his successor, as he felt she was so illy provided for, and the happiness of her invalid mother seemed to depend on Bertha's acceding to her wishes. Only by this marriage could the mother continue to enjoy the luxuries to which she had been accustomed, and which were so necessary to her in her invalid state. Many were the prayers and pleadings to which Bertha so calmly listened, though they were turning her heart to stone.

Her duty to her mother was ever before her, and to the oft expressed wishes of her dead father whom she had loved with a deep love, for to her he had ever been kindness and indulgence. She owed a duty to his wishes, and a greater to her mother whose happiness depended on the marriage of her daughter with her cousin, Sir Earlscount.

There would then be no removal from the old home, and all would be as it had been, even all care would have vanished, for Bertha would be so handsomely provided for and settled before she would be left alone.

In the home of her fathers she must remain, and Sir Earlscount could give it back to her.

While Claude Melnott was but a painter, and years might roll away before fame came to him, if it ever came.

The night wore on and still the golden-haired child wrestled with her sorrow and her fate, and struggled with her duty.

Be true to all she could not; being true to the mother meant the breaking of two lives, and untruth, perhaps, even in the time to come, the breaking of the third.

"Sir Earlscount is far too noble," she moaned, "to deceive. If I even might tell him all, and throw myself on his generosity, it would be better for us all in the end; but to go to his arms with a dead heart, and be to him a living lie. Mother, mother it is all harder than I can bear. Of all the sorrows this daily burden will be the hardest, heaviest, that I drag about with me; making me hate myself for what I am; making me feel that I am vile than the vile. I, who was once so true, to become a mere lie to a man whom I injure every hour I breathe, at whose board I sit, from whose cup I drink. He gives me all; his riches, his heart and its love and faith, and in return I give him a heart that is far, far worse than empty for it is filled with a secret that daily, hourly, I must seek to guide from him. The secret of my love for another, and daily I will look in his true face and know how he loves and trusts me, and feel myself unworthy to stand in his presence. Oh! if I might tell him all; he is noble, good. If I did he would not take me, he would rather die. If I could go away and work—work for us both, mother. It would be heaven compared to that life of luxury and deceit; at least I would be true of heart, and my joy would be the knowing that 'were no guilt, no sin, to cherish the memory of my past—which memory would be to me all truth, while now 'tis all sin, all agony. Ah! to be free to hold the right to be just and true. Has truth left me forever, will justice die; or in the lease to come will I suffer or my sin? Mother, it is beyond my strength; anything, any sacrifice, but becoming a lie, and the years are so long through which I must bear and suffer."

"That flame of love leaps up in my heart and try as I will it will not be smothered down. God have mercy on me in the days to come." The wind moaned now in heavy wailing, and the girl drifted back to the love of the past. The fair boyish face of Claude rose before her, pleading to her to be true. He seemed to whisper, be true to your own heart and trust, and hope in me for the future.

Brighter days are dawning for us, with your love to urge me on success is sure; only give me time. He had said on that night that seemed so far away now, when they had parted, "Only be true and firm my darling, and joy will come to us. Let not the mercenary hand of your mother strike it down. Listen not to her, trust to your own heart's guidance. In this you do not owe her obedience, for there are other hearts to break, other lives to suffer. This sacrifice to a false duty you must not make. Only be firm for my sake, be firm, be strong. For your sake I ask it; for amid all the glories that surrounded you as Sir Earlscount's wife your heart would know no rest, no peace, for its love is mine and you will never trample out its fire beneath any sense of duty."

She thought on it all until her head became dazed beneath her varied thoughts. She wondered when he looked upward and found his star had vanished would the life die out of his heart beneath its setting, would his darkness crush him; or would he arise and resume his labours when she for whom he struggled had died to him? She cried aloud in her anguish what was duty, what was right. And beneath

her great love and the bitter conflict her child heart broke. She must sacrifice him and lay waste their lives for her mother's sake.

True to both mother and lover she could not be. So Claude must suffer for the duty of the child's life, even when this sacrifice was to the mother. And in being true to the mother she put from her own life all truth, and from this hour must be only a living lie to the world, to her own heart, and to the man whom she would call husband. The man that gave her all, while she could not even give him truth.

She feared the hour that would come if Sir Earlscount ever found out her secret, for she saw to the end. He would never forgive her the wrong she had done him, and desolation for them both would follow, for her heart told her she could never learn to love this man she would call lord and master. He was noble, good, yet the girl did not deceive herself. She could never cast out one love and take in its place another.

Still she struggled, swaying like a broken reed tossed hither and thither by the mighty conflict in her heart. And the night wore on. The fire had burned itself out, and now lay only a heap of ashes, and the wind had ceased its sighing.

A soft white hand fell on her bowed head, and a low voice said,

"Your answer Bertha."
And beneath that touch and voice all strength to resist fell from her, and she drifted to her fate.

"For your sake mother, it is yes."
And the darkness settled down. The storm was over, and she was alone in her despair. The roses had fallen from her grasp and lay crushed and broken, and even the leaves must not be treasured now.

The long night was passing that swept from her the past and childhood, and she prayed amid its silence that it too would bury with its darkness the secret of her love; that not one breath of all its perfume might arise on the air of the life to which she was passing.

This was the last night of her childhood, the last of her freedom. It was sweet to her to feel that for this one night she could hold to her heart their past. When she came into the dawn of another day, another fear for to-morrow—she would be eighteen, and with this birthday would dawn her new, joyless life. A few hours yet remained that left her still free to gather to her heart the stray leaves from that past, to gaze on the star that was setting. It was quickly fading from her sky. Yet for an hour she held it still. It was fast dying, leaving her alone in the darkness. Yet for this one night she was free, alone with her dying past. It had not yet become a sin to think of it. She lived once again through its joys. Striving to forget that the sorrow stood not afar off, and each hour as it passed ushered it in amid the new day, and the new fear, and the new life. Yet the darkness of the night still enshrouded her.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S will will be sworn under £60,000.

A TESTIMONIAL is about to be presented to Major Walter Wingfield, the inventor of the game of lawn tennis.

LORD ROWTON is overwhelmed with business, and has been unable as yet to commence even an inspection of the mass of papers which comprise the literary remains of Lord Beaconsfield.

THE other day there was in the Row a horse with spectacles on. Such a sight was unusual. If the horse could have an eye-glass fixed in one eye, he would have looked fast, if he was not so.

It is said that a number of Scotchmen of University education resident in London purpose meeting in the end of the present month with a view of starting a movement for the foundation of Chairs of Lowland Scottish.

THE Hughenden Estate, to which young Coningsby Disraeli has succeeded, is not a large property. It comprises about 1,300 acres, and realizes about £2,000 a year.

Mrs. SARAH BERNHARDT will arrive in London in a few days. During her stay in the States she performed 152 times, and has earned since her departure from France the enormous sum of thirty-six thousand pounds sterling. After performing in London in June and July she proposes to make a starring tour through the other capitals of Europe.

Two of the pictures at Burlington House this year have been exhibited by royal command. The Queen has the right to insist upon anything she pleases being displayed in the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy. So far that right has been exercised in favour of the work emanating from royal studios. Millais's portrait of Lord Beaconsfield and Mrs. Butler's painting of Roke's Drift have both been sent to the Academy by royal command.

HER MAJESTY has communicated through Lord Rowton her desire to undertake the charge of Master Coningsby Disraeli's education. She will defray his expenses at Eton, and send him to whatever university his father may desire him to enter. It is also stated that the Queen intends to confer a peerage upon him, in order that the title of Beaconsfield may remain upon the roll of English barons, and that the peerage may be transmitted to posterity. Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Her Majesty, is said to have contracted a warm friendship for this fortunate youth.

SWEEPSTAKES are common enough in the London Clubs in connection with the race for the Derby, these amounting to a couple of hundred pounds each, with guinea subscriptions. In India, however, the great Umballa Derby Sweep reaches the high figure of £8,000. It is subscribed to from far and near. One year it was won by a milliner living in Calcutta. Last year a clerk in a commercial house at Simla drew the favourite, but sold his chance for £1,500 to Lord William Beresford, who made a handsome profit out of his purchase.

THE father of the House of Commons recently celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday. Mr. Christopher Rice Mansel Talbot, M.P., and Lord-Lieutenant of Glamorganshire, who was born on May 10th, 1803, has represented Glamorganshire in the House of Commons since 1830, having thus had a seat in Parliament for upwards of half a century, and is the only member of that body who voted at the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. A peerage was offered to him in 1869, but he declined the honour.

THERE is a really good story told of a worthy private recently who was placed on sentry duty near Portsmouth. Prince Leiningen, when he leaves the Royal yacht, is accustomed to be rowed up to his house in his cutter. The sentry was an Irishman. "Who goes there?" he said, as the Prince's boat went up. "Prince Leiningen," was the reply. "Who?" said the sentry. "Prince Leiningen," repeated his Serene Highness. "Stop this moment, sirra, or I'll put a ball into you unless you give me the countersign," shouted the sentry, and the Prince had to land and do the best he could. The man was had up the next day before the colonel of his regiment. "Why did you stop the Prince last night?" he inquired. "I didn't stop any prince, your honour," said the warrior. "A fellow came by in a boat and said he was Pierce Lannigan, and sure I know all the Lannigans, for one of them was once representative of my county, so I wasn't going to be took in by him. I'd have shot him like a dog." The colonel complimented the man, offered him stripes, but he refused them, saying that he had had plenty of stripes in his time, and would rather not have promotion, as he was sure he would go wrong if he was placed in any position of responsibility.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VERDI is engaged on a new opera entitled "Iago."

NICHOLAS RUBINSTEIN lately died, somewhat suddenly, in Paris.

MESSRS. Stephens and Solomon's new comic opera in three acts, entitled "Claude Duval," will not, the *Era* anticipates, be produced till next September.

M. GOUNOD's new opera, "Le Tribut de Zamora," was produced on the 1st ult. at the Académie Nationale de Musique, and but coldly received.

MISS Genevieve Ward has recently won her case against the proprietor of Wallack's theatre, concerning her exclusive right to perform "Forget Me Not," the final appeal having been decided in her favour.

SCIENTIFIC.

To bring zinc to a high polish for engraved signs use fine pumice-stone and a little oil first, and finish with fine tripoli.

A correspondent writes that tar is instantaneously removed from hand and fingers by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel, and wiping dry immediately after. It is astonishing what a small piece will clean. The volatile oils in the skins dissolve the tar, and so it can be wiped off.

HERR DUNER, at Lund, has discovered that a small star in the constellation Auriga is subject to a variability of light. It will be called S. Auriga, R. Auriga having been discovered to be variable by Argelander in 1862.

L'Electricité says that the Telephone Company in Belgium have inaugurated a very ingenious and at the same time practical system. Subscribers can, by leaving word the previous evening, be awakened at any hour in the morning by means of a powerful alarm.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

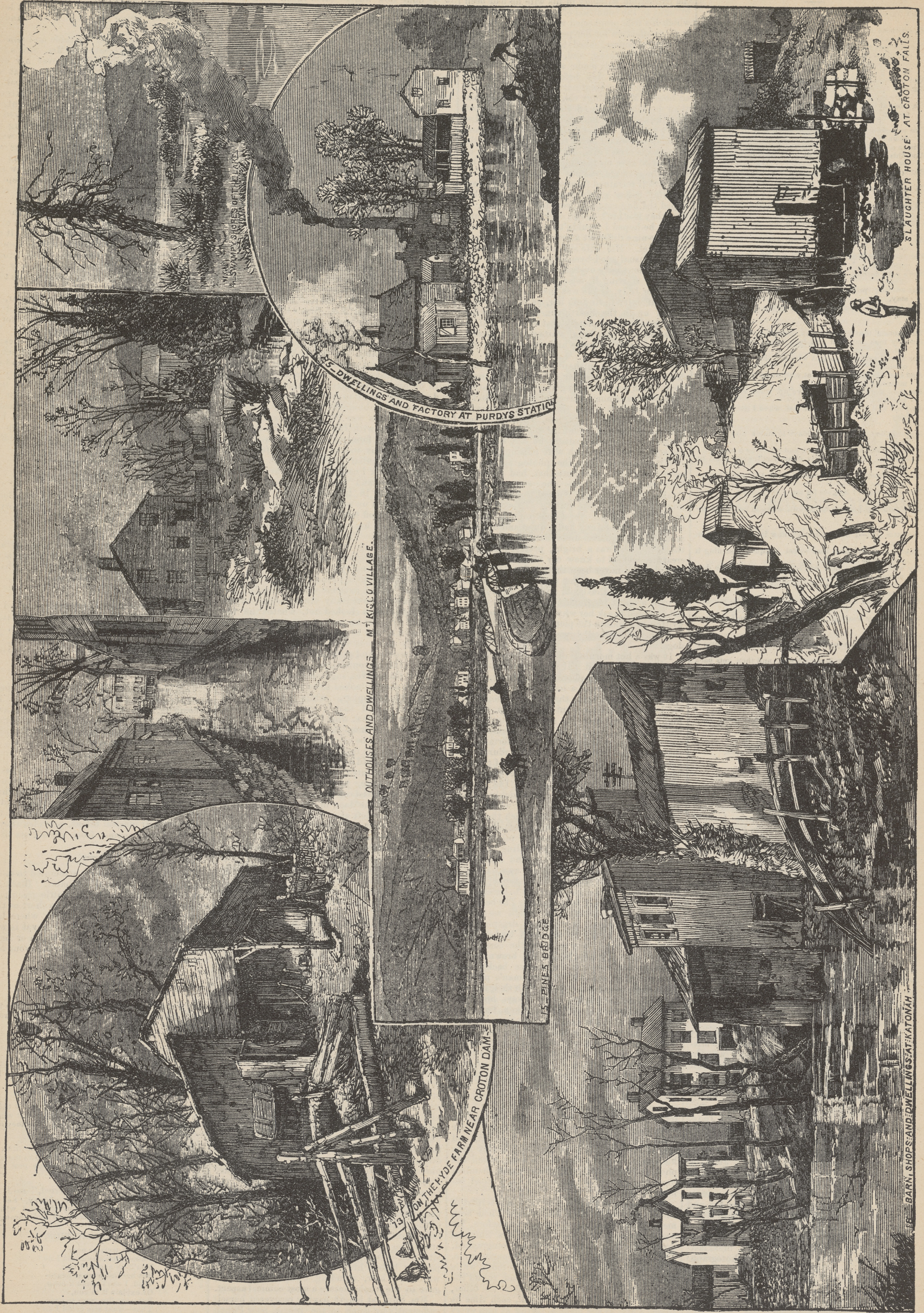
This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.





THE WATER SUPPLY OF NEW YORK.—(SEE PAGE 355.)

GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.

BY WILL CARLETON, IN "FARM BALLADS."

My business on the jury's done—the quibblin' all is through—
I've watched the lawyers right and left, and give my verdict true;
I stuck so long unto my chair, I thought I would grow in;
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there ag'in;
But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay,
I'm loose at last, and, thank the Lord, I'm going home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy like, since first day I came down;
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine on Sunday rightly sets;
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls and frets;
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper salt and gray—
I'll have it on in half a jiff when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one—
As well as any woman could—to see that things was done;
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot outdoors,
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores.
But nothing prospers half so well when I go off to stay,
And I will put things into shape, when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I came away, we had a little bout;
I coolly took my hat and left, before the show was out.
For what I said was nought whereat she ought to take offence;
And she was always quick at words and ready to commence.
But then she's first one to give up when she has had her say;
And she will meet me with a kiss when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they can;
It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!
The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'll ever want to see!
And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me, like robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—
That God should pick that sweet bouquet, and fling it down to us!
My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;
And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half-way down the hill, and kiss me, any way;
And light my heart up with her smiles, when I go home to-day.

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again;
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often, I'll be bound,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em all around.
But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm going home to-day.

PHOTOGRAPHING DOGS.

BY SALLIE CHALK.

To begin with, I hate dogs. I have never had much to do with them, and on that account never made pets of them. Of course I could distinguish in my likes and dislikes between the different kinds of dogs. I admired the noble nature and braveness of the Newfoundland and Mastiff, of which I had often read stories to the children. But one can never make a pet of a Newfoundland or a Mastiff; one can only make friends of them, and this I never had the opportunity of doing.

A few weeks ago I went to the city to pay a short visit to a very great friend of mine, who had lately been married. She was my cousin, and, though we lived apart, I, in the country, and she in the city, yet we had always managed to see a good deal of one another. Mrs. Shir was young, and very attractive, with pleasant manners which made you feel at home at once, and with such a winning way of asking you to do anything for her, that it was quite impossible to refuse her.

Mrs. Shir had two dogs, of which she was very fond; but it was the presence of these two miserable dogs which, in my estimation, was the only drawback to enjoyment in the perfect little home over which she presided.

"My dear Sallie," Mrs. Shir would often say to me, with a merry laugh, "you will actually get to love them before you go away." The dogs were named respectively Punch and Judy. Punch was a fine, sturdy, lively, mischievous, ugly, pug. He was never quiet for a single minute, and jealous of every kind word or caress that was bestowed upon Judy. Judy, on the contrary, was a long white-haired French poodle, with pink eyes, into which her dishevelled hair was always falling. She was constitutionally quiet, until Punch exasperated her, and then she would stand up for her rights in a way that soon brought Punch to his bearings.

"My dear," said Mrs. Shir one morning, addressing her lord and master at the breakfast-table, "I'm going to have the dogs photographed."

"Yes, my love," replied Mr. Shir, in a tone which indicated that the photographing of any number of dogs was a matter entirely outside the world in which he moved. Mr. Shir, like myself, had once hated dogs. Nay, he had even

fearlessly proclaimed it, but at length through the irresistible witchery of his wife he had been brought to the condition of an armed neutrality, which his wife prophesied would soon turn to a positive affection for her pets.

I was, of course, asked to be her companion in the undertaking, and, of course, I said I would. She had made arrangements with a photographer the day before, so that nothing remained but to present ourselves at the appointed hour. My feelings can be better imagined than described when I learned, some time after, that the phaeton had been broken by Mrs. Shir's younger brother only the day before, and therefore we would have to go down with the dogs in the street-cars, for my cousin was in no humour to give up the engagement, simply because the carriage was not forthcoming.

Mr. Shir refrained from saying anything very dreadful before going down to his office, but hoped the dog-catchers wouldn't see them, or that they wouldn't be run over down town; and lastly, he hoped I wouldn't mind anything under fifty-nine different attempts to get the animals quiet. His wife silenced him, however, with the usual good-byes in the porch, so that his objections were overruled.

Before starting it was decided that I should look after Judy, as she was the quieter. I had great difficulty in finding her, as she had rolled herself up in the hearth-rug in the drawing-room, and was completely lost to view in it, as it was made of that long, white woolly material, exactly similar to that which covered her own body.

No very serious mishap occurred in getting down to the photographer's, beyond the notoriety which we gained in going down the street to meet a car, among a troop of urchins who followed us for a short way, greatly enjoying Punch's efforts to get free, when he beheld another of his kind, mounted on the seat of a dogcart, from which position he was surveying the stylish tandem which were pulling him.

When we arrived at the photographer's we were half an hour late, but that had evidently been expected, as some one else was being "taken" at the time. We had, therefore, a few minutes to wait down stairs. This time was occupied in looking over a book on the counter, while Punch and Judy had a quiet and ordinary matter-of-fact quarrel under a table. The girl in the store, who was a bright, pretty, intelligent creature, seemed to know my name quite well, though I had never been there before. She knew all about everyone of the people whose photographs were in the book, and was, in fact, able to give a short biographical sketch of each. I felt tempted to ask her why short notes were not written in opposite the pictures in the book, but restrained myself till I went up-stairs with the dogs.

It was a hot morning in May, but, of course, we had not noticed it till we entered the glass-covered studio of the photographic artist. This room was at the top of a long and tiresome flight of stairs. It seems to me that these photographic hot-houses are always put at the top of long flights of stairs, with the express intention of rendering the victim to be operated upon wretchedly over-heated and uncomfortable, so that the ordeal which has to be endured will partake all the more of the nature of torture. There is always a smell of chemicals coming from a little room partitioned off from the studio, and separated by a glass door with sickly yellow panes of glass. The aspect of the whole room gives one a feeling of nausea, which the faded old furniture, and dim, indistinct frescoes of beautiful conservatories, massive pillars, smiling gardens with marble steps leading nowhere, with heavy marble balustrades, and fountains, and trees; the whole stretching away into an arid, white, hot, illimitable distance on the screens, does not in the least tend to lessen, but, in reality seems only to increase. The beautiful spreading, umbrageous fern, which we saw in the pictures below, is standing drooping and half-withered, with its branches broken from constant moving, over there in the corner, almost hidden by the faded old brown velvet cushions that forms the impressive background for some great senator, or statesman's picture. Then there are the head-rests, with their uncomfortable-looking clasps, that always hold you like a vice before the picture is taken, but leave go and let your head wobble any way it likes when you are in the act of being photographed. Their position always indicates exactly the kind of people, and their posture, who were in the studio before you came. To-day you can tell with almost absolute certainty that your predecessor was a fat old gentleman, not very tall, with a very large head, who stood over his young wife, who had been sitting reading a letter on the end of the sofa. I was noticing how these head-rests were standing sufficiently far apart to show that he must have been fat, and that the position of the larger infallibly gave his height, and the size of his head, when the photographer bustled out of the little chemical room, who by the yellow glass door, and stood before us.

He was short and fat, the very counterpart of the fat old gentleman about whom I had been mentally speculating only a moment before. He was evidently at no loss to know Mrs. Shir and myself had come to have our dogs photographed. They were already at an old and favourite game. Judy was lying in the centre of the room, while Punch was tearing from end to end, round the camera at one end and the old sofa at the other, running the gauntlet, so to speak, each time he passed Judy, as she made a spring at him every time he passed, though she did not follow him,

as that would have spoiled the game. The thing to be done now was to catch them. Mrs. Shir sat down on the sofa, just where the fat man's little wife had most probably been, and called Judy to her. Punch, however, was not so easily caught.

"What do you call him, Miss?" he enquired of me, shutting the door to prevent Punch's escape as he spoke.

I told him, and he immediately set about affecting the capture.

"Punch, Punch, here Punch, good dog!" he said, as he slapped his knee and looked rather foolish, as Punch, with his tail curled up over his back, stood a little way off, regarding him with a mixed look of wonder and contempt.

Seeing that the dog was in no way inclined to come to him, the little fat man advanced, ejaculating, "Punch! poor Punch!" at every step.

Punch, however, still with the same look of wonder and contempt, resolutely backed up as the photographer advanced, till the whole culminated in Punch backing into a flower-pot containing a half-dead fuschia, which was, of course, upset, the flower-pot broken, and the flower and the earth scattered about. Punch, seeing the mischief he had caused, with a yelp of dismay fled away to the other end of the room, followed by Judy, who, sharing in the excitement, sprang out of Mrs. Shir's lap, and was after Punch in a moment. The unfortunate man retired for assistance to his chemical sanctum, while Mrs. Shir and myself, partly to bring things to an issue, and partly to conceal our laughter, set about capturing the dogs ourselves. While my cousin was picking up Judy, Punch, with his usual impertinence, caught hold of the end of a large Alsatian bow of *crêpe lisse*, which are now quite fashionable, and coolly pulled it out. While this was being re-adjusted, he engaged in a fight with Judy, so angrily that she had to bite his fore-paw several times to make him stop. This was a proceeding for which Punch had a peculiar dislike. Before he could renew the attack I caught him up, and, giving him to understand that he was in disgrace, carried him off in triumph. Judy, of course, delivered herself up without the least resistance, and was carried off too. Mrs. Shir determined to hold Judy on her lap, and let Punch sit on a table beside her. This was all nicely arranged, and I was holding Punch quiet on the table when the photographer and his assistant came out of the adjoining room.

The assistant was a young lad, with fiery red hair, who looked extremely hot. The fact was that he never looked any other way. In the depth of winter he looked hot, whether he felt so or not I do not know, but certainly he looked so. The only way to get this boy even to appear ordinarily cool was to cover him up in a fur-lined overcoat, and give him gloves and a hat to match. His surroundings, though undoubtedly warm in themselves, suggested a temperature to which he always looked to be an utter stranger.

The photographer, while adjusting the camera, explained that it would be an instantaneous process that would be employed, so that if we could only keep the animals quiet for two seconds it would be all right.

Having got the instrument ready, he thought that the sofa would be a little too low. A chair had to be substituted, but, during the change, Punch, of course, jumped down and was off. This time the assistant was sent to capture him. Punch ran to the door of the chemical room, which had been left ajar, but, thinking that unsatisfactory, trotted off to where the screens and head-rests were congregated. These he barked at, and pulled the end of the old curtain round, overturning one or two things as he did so, always eluding the poor boy, who looked, if possible, hotter than before, as he went stumbling about over the things, while Punch barked most good-humoredly and seemed to enjoy the fun immensely.

Poor Mrs. Shir was unable to call Punch to order, for, having caught sight of the photographer's face, as it emerged from the black cloth over the camera, wearing an expression of mute agony and resignation, she was convulsed with laughter. Punch had not yet learned to respect my commands, so there was nothing for it but for the photographer to engage in the pursuit himself. Taking the cloth off the camera he endeavoured to throw it over the refractory little animal's head, as is sometimes done in a Spanish bull-fight. Punch, however, escaped from the cloth each time it was cast, and always succeeded in catching the end of it, and growling and wagging his head he would pull with might and main, always leaving go, just in time, so as not to be caught. While this miniature bull-fight was waging, Judy manifested the utmost desire to take part, and was only with difficulty held in. At length by a more vigorous jerk than usual, Punch managed to pull the cloth out of the enemy's hand, and ran off dragging it along the floor after him, both photographer and assistant following in its wake. Punch, who was ominously growling all the time, managed to wind the cloth hopelessly around the legs of the camera, and seating himself in the centre of the whirlpool which he had made of the cloth, growled now so significantly that both were forced to call a halt and proclaim an armistice. Punch enjoyed being master of the situation amazingly, while the poor man stood panting before him, backed by his assistant, whose red hair, standing completely on end, gave to the whole picture a most comical aspect. Mrs. Shir, at length having recovered herself sufficiently to come to the rescue, poor Punch had to allow himself to be carried off by the red-

haired boy. He took Punch by the two front paws, and marched him back to the table, the poor little animal wearing the most abject look, and alternately biting and licking the hand of his captor.

Punch was mounted on the table and remained quiet. Judy was seated in Mrs. Shir's lap, with her long, white hair falling over her eyes and completely obscuring her face, so that she looked like a white muff, or a large ball of worsted. Punch's attention was luckily attracted by the manipulation of the instrument, so that when the all-important moment arrived he was sitting like a statue, intently regarding the movements of the photographer. The whole thing was done in a moment, and before any one had time to think of what was going on. Even Punch had no time to snap at the few pertinacious house-flies, which are always kept as an indispensable part of the furnishing of a photographer's studio.

It was with a sigh of relief that the fat man bowed us out after the operation was over. The hot, red-haired assistant seemed glad it was over too; but then an assistant always appears glad when a group has been satisfactorily "taken," and are departing, without any particular reason for being so, except that it is their invariable custom.

To our great joy, and mine in particular, we found that Mr. Shir had been able to get the phaeton mended, and had sent it down for us without our knowing anything about it. We were, therefore, spared the mortification of carrying the dogs home in our arms. Punch, of course, had to jump out of the carriage, and ran after a large greyhound, barking furiously all the time. Indeed, he got himself into so hot a dispute with the greyhound that, but for the kindness of a labouring man who happened to be passing, the photograph that had just been taken would, in all probability, have been the only memorial of our audacious, wild, impudent, restless pug—Punch.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A MONUMENT is to be erected by the Comte de Paris in the Château d'Eu, in memory of Louis Philippe and Queen Amelia.

THE Milan *Perseveranza* states, but without giving its authority, that Queen Victoria will spend some time this summer in the Verbano, and will visit the Milan Exhibition.

THERE is some talk of organizing a grand international shooting match at Paris. All nations are to be invited to send representatives, and the State is to offer a prize of 20,000fr. The shooting is to take place on the Plain Saint-Maur.

NEW barracks for the Garde Républicaine are to be erected on the square formed by the Rue Schomberg, the Rue Coligny, the Boulevard Morland and the Quai Henry IV. The barracks will cost 1,500,000fr., and will contain about 600 men. The work is to begin at once.

THE Prefect of Police has issued an order forbidding jugglers, organ-grinders, and "wandering minstrels" from standing and performing on the public thoroughfares. On public holidays, however, they will be allowed to show their skill and their musical talent, provided they obtain an express permit from the officers of the Prefecture.

THE Parisian ladies have attempted to modify the scant grace of the riding-habit. Black is no longer fashionable, blue or bottle-green is the colour, and the skirts are quite as short as those to be found in the hunting-field, where ladies are among the hard riders. No cravat is worn, the plain collar is fastened by a booch or badge, and the tall hat has disappeared in favour of the round felt one.

HUMOROUS.

IT is terribly embarrassing to come into town after a fishing excursion, and find there is not a trout in the market.

YOUNG ladies and elephants attain their growth at eighteen. But here analogy ceases. One trunk is enough for an elephant.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—"Back at last from Ireland, dear Sir John! We have missed you!" "So have my tenants, thank goodness."—Punch.

A PERSON who was sent to prison for marrying two wives, excused himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he got two they fought each other.

IT's about an even thing between man and the orange peel. Sometimes the man throws the orange peel into gutter, and sometimes the orange peel throws the man into the gutter.

"LET us play we are married," said little Edith, "and I will bring my dolly, and say, 'See baby, papa.'" "Yes," replied Johnny, "and I will say, 'Don't bother me now. I want to look through the paper.'"

IN EXPLANATION.

Her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near—
Well, I can't make it clear,
Or explain it to you,
But—her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?

—Scribner.

THE WILLOW.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

[Of the legends which cluster around the Crucifixion, perhaps the most familiar is the tale of "The Wandering Jew;" but there are many others. The tradition which suggested the following sonnet, is akin to the one which derives the red breast of the robin from a drop of blood falling on it when the bird sought to withdraw one of the crown of thorns; and it is not unlike the other legend that the aspen had never shivered until its wood was taken to make the cross.]

Lofty and tall, unbending and upright,
Beside a spring, there stood a willow tree,
Its young leaves rippling like the verdant sea,
Before the breeze and in the morning light.

The rabble ran towards Golgotha's height;
And walking in the midst of them were three;
And two were thieves, and one was He
Who was to die for men in all men's sight.

A soldier broke a willow branch to urge
Them on, and smote Him with a willow thong,
As up the hill the slow procession crept.

Then, when it saw its branches used to scourge
The Man who bore His cross amid the throng,
The guilty willow bowed its head and wept.

J. B. M.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers and letter to hand. Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 319.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—In Problem 329, if White's R moves to Q 7 Black's K moves to K 3.

Solution of Problem No. 330. Correct.

Although there is great interest shown in the game of chess in many parts of the civilized world, there are few where more is done in connection with the game in a quiet, yet effective way, than in Scotland.

The late great contest between the chessplayers of the West and the East of that country led to a large mustering of amateurs, sixty-nine in number, who met together in Edinburgh, for the purpose of testing their skill over the chequered board. Thirty-seven of these were from the city of Glasgow, and the remainder were belonging to Edinburgh, and other eastern parts of the country. The result of the contest was in favour of the western players, who scored 45½ games to their opponents' 17½. In speaking of chess in Scotland, it may be well to mention that the match recently contested at Glasgow for the West of Scotland silver challenge cup, between Mr. Jenkin and Sheriff Spens, terminated after a hard fight in favour of the latter player. We hope to be able to give the score of one of the games of this contest in a future column.

Through the kindness of our correspondent, J. W. Shaw, Esq., of Montreal, we have received a copy of the Australian paper, the *Adelaide Observer*, dated March 10th, 1881, which has an excellent chess column, replete with that sort of matter, as regards news, problems and games, which is especially delightful to the lovers of the royal game.

The annual meeting of the Chess Club held at the Port Adelaide Institute furnished intelligence respecting its proceedings during the year which must have been gratifying to its members, and we have reason to believe that similar chess societies are equally successful in other parts of the Colony.

Two things were spoken of in the report which are deserving of particular notice, and we recommend them to the consideration of our Canadian players. The one was the good attendance of the members of the club, and the other, the wonderful improvement in the quality of the play.

Mr. Gossip, it appears, is about to issue a new and improved edition of the "Theory of the Chess Openings." The work will include end games and will be published at a reasonable price. Mr. Gossip's work has been highly spoken of by those who are the best able to give an opinion of its merits.

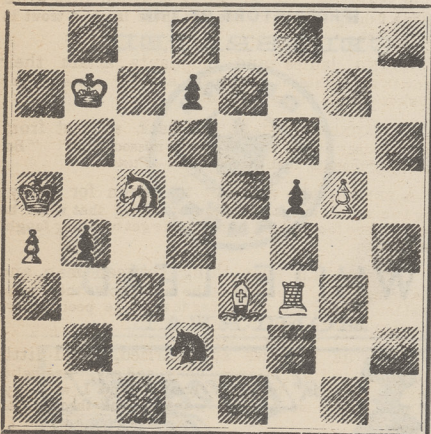
As we go to press we learn that the Book of the Fifth American Chess Congress is, at last, out; subscribers will be supplied without further delay. After all, the Book of the Paris Congress of 1878, is yet "forthcoming," and comparatively speaking, the American Chess Book has forthcome with commendable promptitude.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

In the match between the St. Louis amateurs and Mr. Mackenzie, the latter, up to date, May 2, has won ten games and drawn one.—*Globe-Democrat*.

PROBLEM No. 331.

By D. W. Clark.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 458TH.

THE CHESS MATCH AT ST. LOUIS.

(From the *Globe-Democrat*.)

Eleventh game in the match between Messrs. Judd and Mackenzie.

(Ray Lopez Knight's Game.)

White.—(Mr. Judd.)

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5
4. B to Q R 4
5. Castles
6. P to Q 4
7. B to Q Kt 3
8. P takes P
9. P to Q R 4
10. B to K 3
11. R to K sq
12. Q Kt to Q 2
13. Kt to Q 4
14. B takes Kt
15. P to K B 4
16. B to K B 2
17. B to R 2
18. B to Q Kt sq
19. P to B 3
20. Kt to B 3
21. Kt to Q 4
22. P takes P (en passant)
23. P to K B 5 (c)
24. R takes B
25. B takes P
26. Kt takes R
27. Q to Kt 4 (ch)
28. Kt to Q 4
29. Q takes Q
30. R to K sq
31. P to Q R 5
32. R to K 2
33. K takes Kt
34. P takes B
35. K to K sq (f)
36. K to Q sq
37. Kt to B sq
38. R to K sq
39. R to K 8 (ch)
40. R to K sq
41. R to K B sq
42. P to K R 4
43. P to R 5
44. P to R 6 (ch)
45. K to Q 2
46. K to B sq

Black.—(Mr. Mackenzie.)

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to Q B 3
3. P to Q B 3
4. Kt to K B 3
5. Kt takes P
6. P to Q Kt 4
7. P to Q 4
8. B to K 3
9. P to Q Kt 5
10. B to K 2
11. Castles
12. Kt to Q B 4
13. Kt takes Kt (a)
14. Kt to Q 2
15. P to Q B 4
16. P to B 5
17. Kt to B 4
18. Q to B 2
19. P to Kt 6
20. P to Kt 3 (b)
21. P to B 4
22. R takes P
23. P takes P
24. Kt takes R
25. R takes B (d)
26. B to B 3
27. K to R sq
28. Kt to Q B 4
29. Kt takes Q
30. Kt to Q B 4
31. Kt to Q 6
32. Kt takes B
33. B takes Kt (ch) (e)
34. R to Q Kt sq
35. P to Q B 6
36. P to Q B 7 (ch)
37. R to K B sq
38. R to K B 7
39. K to Kt 2
40. R takes Kt P
41. R to K Kt 5 (g)
42. R takes Q P
43. R to K R 5
44. K takes P
45. R to Q 5 (ch)
46. R to Q 8 (ch)

And wins.

NOTES.

(a) Black did not stop to consider the result of Kt takes K P, as he saw that the line of play adopted would give him a strong attack on the Queen's side.

(b) With the object of keeping the adverse K B, and, consequently, the Q R confined as long as possible.

(c) This and White's next move are exceedingly well played, and free him completely from his constrained position on the Queen's side.

(d) Compulsory, we believe.

(e) These exchanges, on account of the advanced situation of the Black Pawns, are decisive in Mr. M.'s favour.

(f) If R K sq the following variation might have occurred:

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 35. R to K sq | 35. R to Q Kt 4 |
| 36. R to Q R sq | 36. P to Q B 6 |
| 37. P takes P | 37. R takes R P |
| 38. R to Q Kt sq (best) | 38. R to Q Kt 4 and wins. |

(g) Had Black now captured the R P, White would have drawn the game.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 329.

1. R to B 8
2. Mates acc.

1. Any

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 327.

1. Kt to Q B 3
2. Mates acc.

1. Any

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 328.

White.

- K at K B 2
- Q at Q B 6
- R at K R 8
- B at Q Kt 4
- Pawns at K B 5 and Q 3

Black.

- K at K Kt 5
- B at K R 2
- Kt at K R 7

White to play and mate in two moves.



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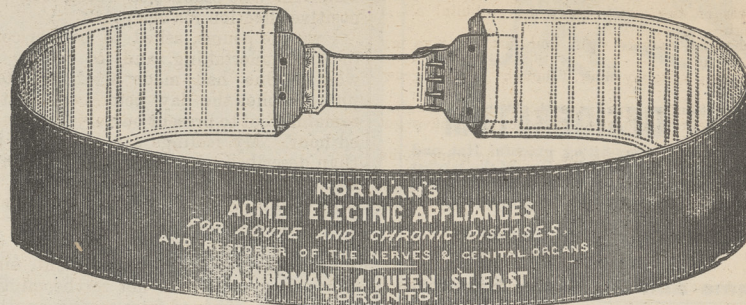
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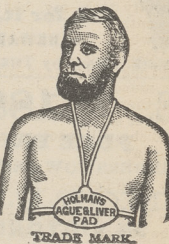
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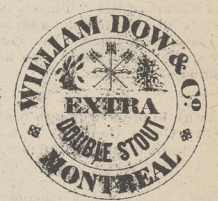
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